TOWARDS THE PRIMEVAL LIGHTNING FIELD

OTHER BOOKS BY WILL ALEXANDER

Vertical Rainbow Climber, Jazz Press, 1987
Arcane Lavender Morals, Leave Books, 1994
Asia & Haiti, Sun & Moon Press, 1995
Stratospheric Canticles, Pantograph Press, 1995

Towards The Primeval Lightning Field

WILL ALEXANDER

With an Introduction by Andrew Joron

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On Alexandrian Philosophy

• 1

Primeval: the undifferentiated.

Lightning: the differential stroke itself.

There are many ways to contemplate the world, but only one way to change it: to steal the fire of its birth.

All that is reflected is not created. All that is not reflected is created.

The mirror's First Philosophy: a crucible of molten sand.

• 2

This is a book of First Philosophy.

Whose *telos* is not the reconstruction of knowledge, but its (necessarily furious) production.

Offering not a system of the world, but a frame for its Originary Furor, or Furnace.

For the self-evidence of why there is something rather than nothing.

• 3

First Philosophy is (according to Aristotle, who introduced the term) the science of being *qua* being.

Of the primary and therefore primeval attributes of being.

But Alexander is not the student of Aristotle.

The "primeval," for Aristotle, is that which *exists always and already* without having been created. What is uncreated, and so unconditioned by any force of change, must be perfectly changeless, and therefore motionless. All motion is only a striving to attain—to return to—this supreme state of motionlessness. What is uncreated creates, what is motionless causes motion, only by remaining absolutely still: by its very simplicity and perfection, *it is the ultimate object of desire*, and so arouses and provokes the potential to become actual.

There is an ontological rupture here between the uncreated and the created, which can be overcome only by invoking the mythological power of *eros*. What other power is capable of reconciling timelessness and time?

Aristotle's Prime Mover (who later would be rehabilitated as the God of Aquinas) thus holds out the promise of rest to the restless: in other words, the metaphysics of eternity must banish the physics of infinity. For, as Aristotle argues in Book XII of the *Metaphysics*, a physical infinity of causes can neither lead to, nor derive from, a state of absolute equilibrium or perfection.

Now, Alexander's First Philosophy is also concerned with the generation of the world. Yet Alexander's *genetrix*, unlike Aristotle's, itself is caught up in the flux of change, and does not stand ontologically apart from it. Nonetheless, for both thinkers, generation is necessitated by the primary attribute of being. In Aristotle's case, it is an "eternal actuality" (toward

which all potentiality strives); in Alexander's case, it is an "infinite potentiality" (from which all actuality proceeds).

The mirror-symmetry is clear: the place filled by the "uncreated" in Aristotle's system is occupied by the "inexhaustible" in Alexander's. So that absolute equilibrium, for Alexander, must be equivalent to *thanatos*. A perfect state of rest cannot contain desire: faced with the lightning-storm of Alexander's thought, the changeless self-sufficiency of Aristotle's "uncreated" being is revealed to be finally indistinguishable from nothingness.

As Aristotle himself testifies, eternity is surrounded by lightning, and can have no other consequence than lightning. (In the words of the French poet René Char, "Though we inhabit a flash of lightning, it is the heart of the eternal.") If, as Aristotle argues, motionlessness radiates motion by means of *eros*, Alexander shows that radiative *eros* therefore assumes the power of a first principle (even if it is the outer shell of nothingness).

• 4

If motion ("lightning") has ontological priority over motionlessness (the "uncreated"), then motion cannot rest absolutely within its own state of being-in-motion. Yet what motion could encompass (and therefore overtake) the process of change itself? One answer is suggested by Alexander's use of the modifier "primeval" in relation to "lightning."

The primeval moment is privileged to the degree that it

occurs *in advance* of all other moments. In relation to what follows, its position in time is not contingent, but necessary. For a sequence of time that lacked a first moment would be equivalent to an eternity.

In eternity, each moment is equal to every other, and by this equivalence, all moments are reduced to one: to the instantaneousness of lightning, the "heart of the eternal." To condition "lightning"—this timeless singularity, this pure noun produced by the stilling of a verb—with the modifier "primeval" is to assert that one is not equal to itself, and therefore to posit a unique moment of crisis within eternity. The moment of self-division, of emergence, must always be an emergency.

The frame of Alexander's philosophy is the collapsing structure of eternity. Yet it is this "field" that offers resistance to the birth of time. This ghostly integument is to be burst asunder.

It happens, literally, in "no time." By definition, there can be no narrative, no series of causes, antecedent to this event: after the hush of negation, the splitting of the sky is unprecedented.

The lightning-stroke is an inscription, a natural hieroglyph that conveys the message: *Eternity has already happened.*

So that, in an important sense, Alexander's philosophy begins at the end. Or more precisely, *after* the end, *before* the beginning. Now—at this strange juncture between time and timelessness—comes to pass the Emergency of Emergence. In which everything presents itself at once, as an event that, containing all other events, therefore cannot contain itself.

Where Occidental thought has tended to reconstruct the

world starting from its smallest units, or, as in Descartes' *Meditations on First Philosophy*, from a minimum number of "clear and distinct ideas," Alexander's method takes as irreducibly "given" only what is largest, most indistinct and undifferentiated: Universal History as an instantaneous burst of information.

The idea of such an information burst—a Signal composed of the sum total of all signals—has been proposed at least once before, not in a philosophical work, but in a short story by James Blish entitled "Beep" (first published in 1954 in a pulp science-fiction magazine).

In this story, Blish describes the invention of a device called "the Dirac communicator" that can send and receive messages at "*any* distance, instantaneously." The device works by collapsing information into a "Dirac pulse." Somewhat ironically, the device registers this pulse as a "small *beep* of sound"; each message thus appears to correspond to its own distinctive beep. However, as Blish's protagonist explains,

> Every Dirac message that is sent is picked up by every receiver that is capable of detecting it. *Every* receiver—including the first one ever built, through the hundreds of thousands of them which will exist throughout the Galaxy in the twenty-fourth century, to the untold millions which will exist in the thirtieth century, and so on. The Dirac beep is the simultaneous reception of *every one of the Dirac messages which has ever been sent, or ever will be sent.*

In the course of the story, the inventors learn how to "slow down" the playback of this instantaneous Signal of signals in order to read the individual messages contained within it.

Likewise, every one of Alexander's sur-rational propositions has the quality of a slowed-down Dirac beep. (The "beep" also bears a strong similarity to André Breton's "supreme point," wherein all contradictions between past and future, known and unknown, life and death, are reconciled.)

Alexander's propositional "pulse" begins at the end: with the assumption that a totality of meanings is realized immediately within the lightning-signal. The philosopher-poet's task, then, is to decelerate this instantaneous burst, so that its contents may enter into Language.

Alexander's methodology here is neither deductive nor inductive, but *con*ductive. Thesis passes into antithesis with electric fluidity, never terminating in synthesis: the relationship between statements (as in a Dirac transmission) is non-hierarchical and non-cumulative.

The prodigality of the lightning-strike demands a like extravagance in the language employed, not only to describe this Ur-phenomenon, but to conceive and embody it. "Primeval lightning" seeks the sign of a *free expenditure* that, as Bataille has shown, must trangress the boundaries of all restricted economies of meaning. Hence Alexander's aggressively transgressive use of language: the neologisms, archaisms, and etymological dislocations; the focus throws between denotation and connotation; the radical recontextualization of specialized vocabularies.

In the essay "Language Leap as Inscrutable Physic," Alexander contemplates "language near its origin," as "alchemic fulcrum." For words too must be understood under the sign of the Emergency of Emergence. The more closely the moment of origin is approached, the more things start to resemble one another, and to overflow their conventionally assigned boundaries.

It is at this point, when mirrors turn molten, that reflection proves equal to creation.

• 5

In this work, there is no generic discontinuity between philosophy and poetry. Indeed, the book in hand might have been subtitled *Against Discontinuity*, or perhaps *Against Exilic Abstraction*: for its whole argument consists of making resoundingly concrete connections (via lightning and other conceptual leaps) between an encyclopedic array of facts and figures (the "information burst").

Against the "linear Babels" of alienated discourses, Alexander argues for "a new perpendicular burst, transmuting in demeanour," for a language in which the vocabularies of magic and science become (once again, but as never before) interchangeable.

This "unified theory" of science and magic appears to consummate the unfinished project of Renaissance philosophy (cut short by the rise of the mechanical worldview in alliance with capitalism). Of course, Alexander's open-ended, dynamical universe hardly resembles the static Renaissance conception

of nature. Yet he shares a great affinity with the scientist-magicians of that era; his strategies of textual recombination are prefigured especially by the work of the sixteenth-century *magus* Giordano Bruno.

Bruno inscribed—just as Alexander does here—a version of magical animism upon the classical texts of scientific materialism. According to the historian Frances Yates, "Bruno found the conceptions of infinite space and innumerable worlds in Lucretius' *De natura rerum.* But he absolutely transforms the Lucretian notions by imparting to the innumerable worlds magical animation, totally absent from Lucretius' cold universe." And just as Bruno has appropriated the discourse of ancient atomism for Hermetic ends, Alexander draws upon the latest scientific findings for the purpose of "join[ing] forces with the Great Work, with the hallucinatory beatitudes of magic." In the work of both poet-philosophers, the "cold universe" of science is *aufgehoben*: at once cancelled and raised to a higher level of imaginal fire.

As Yates points out, "the imagination... was Bruno's chief magical method." For him, its potency far exceeded the more widely recognized methods that rely upon the manipulation of talismanic objects. The "magically animated imagination [was] 'the sole gate to all internal affections and the link of links.' Bruno's language is excited and obscure," Yates continues, "as he expounds this, to him, central mystery, the conditioning of the imagination in such a way as to draw into the personality spiritual or demonic forces which will unlock its inner powers."

This pre-Romantic idea of the imagination as "the link of links" still dwells in the thought and practice of Alexander. Here, the energy of the imagination has not yet been harnessed (as it would be in Romanticism) to the goals of bourgeois subjectivization. It can never be a matter of "possessing" this imagination, but only (as in the communalistic spirit of *voudou*) of being possessed by it. Imagination is the conductor of primeval lightning, the fiery trickster leaping between frozen and fragmented *realia*, the universal translator of the multitude of tongues (both human and Inhuman) emitted by the Signal of signals.

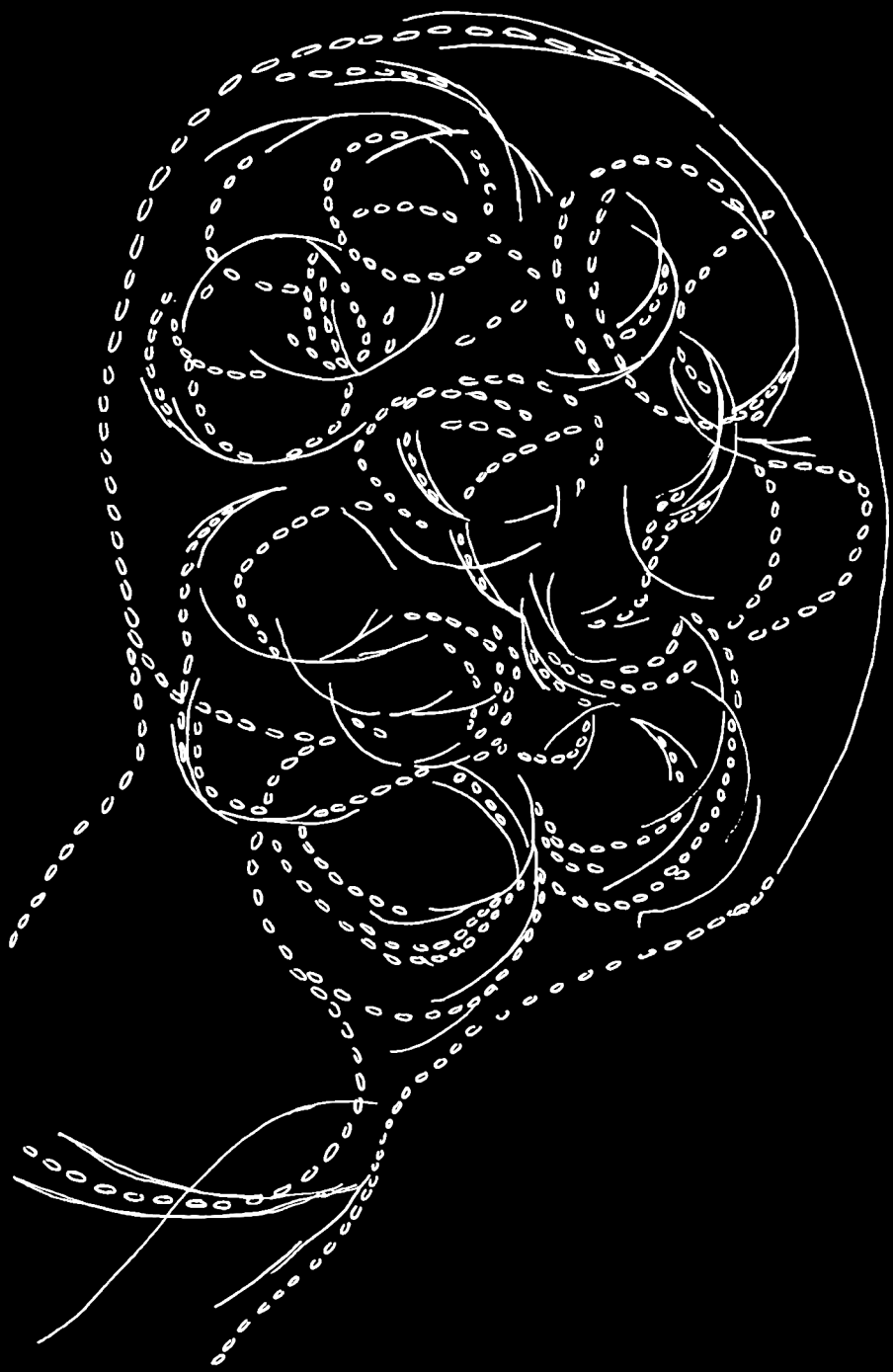
The Alexandrian imagination is a compendium of Brunian links, an infinite library of "lucid catacombs and spirals."

After the conquests of Alexander, a city was founded in his name on the northern coast of Africa. There, in the third century BCE, the world's first universal library was built, a storehouse (in its metaphysical form, at least) of all the books that had ever been written and that ever would be written. The First Philosophy of Alexander is situated exactly here, at the intersection of the African, Asian, and European land masses.

The library was destroyed by fire and rebuilt, only to be destroyed again. (The fire itself was stolen and returned to these writings, only to be stolen again.) Within the form of this book, the Library of Alexandria is still burning

– ANDREW JORON

WITHIN THE SCOPE
OF THE POST-MORTEM IMAM



Post-Tellurian Hypnotic

...the conquest of immortality implies, essentially, reintegration at the center of the human state, ...at the point where communication is established with the higher states of being.

– RENÉ GUENON

BECAUSE I have symbolically sought my survival in the sullen retrieval of unknown x-ray skulls, I've been banished and slandered by those in my general purview, by those who protest the sum of my arcane methodologies. I am wayward, neither haunting the morgues, nor leaning over moats dredging up palpable ghosts for theoretical consumption. I am selective in that I have had only a particular predilection for a penultimate period of Etruscan mortality, and so, because of this Calliope that I carry, no specific examples exist, of this, my most haunted boron endeavour. Exquisitely I am burned by stars on every foray into emptiness, into Etruscan calendrics culminate with Roman transition. The common dead now give me glimpses which rattle the soils of my soul with their curses, with their dark impalpable Babels accusing me of drawing steeds from my forces, by changing my expression with the 17 arcanums of a spinning Nahuatl. Yes, the labyrinths spin, the parallels always lengthen, during the revolving course of an absence. Possibly I am an inverted Phoenician monarch, or, a tourmaline ambassador floating in the high cholera of suspension. Perhaps in another depth I'll paint a yurt of ants with

a brush of dragon's liver, or carry a kingdom's seal to the height of flooded Assyrian volcanoes. Because I have never volunteered osmosis, or given indication as to my vertical wealth, or to the aristocratic nature of my ingrained totality, I have never sustained illusion as to my campaign in diorama. It is, because I have always been condensed in a heated set of poverties, so that all my poltergeists have accrued in a flair of totemic reversals. In this I am positively stained, my sun quavers in a broken density of leptons, of fevers, of mimes, of flaming interior squalls. True, I hawked iguanas in a square, and placed vervets upon a pole engendered by the edicts of Honduras. True, scalding has plagued these endeavors, so that even under the modes of constitutional imperiums I evinced a carking versatility, a methodics of dharma fully ingested with mirages. Because, the final life that I have led displayed no position, did not follow pattern. I have given no deference to any circumference or era. I have only lived my former life by displaced explosive. Of course there have been ruses, fates, interpenetrations of sudden rainbows and galls, threaded to a passion which magically consumed the mind in a veracity of transcendence. But I have not been sundered, or transformed into a neutered rotational zone aflame like a gulf of damaging vertigoes. As with the oblivious heron's egg breakage has been absent, has not claimed its instant, because its colour has been condensed into levogyrational grenadine. Its foundation being the essence of the waters of angel's ignition. That is why doubt has never lingered in my Etruscan endeavour. So in this post-mortem flight time exists as vertical in opposition to a

feigned and seared mentality, in opposition to scrolls which transfix the paradigm of fate at the cost of expression.

First of all, stones perceive as solar masses, opals postexist by a dazed and monomial clarity. Secondly, I am culpable, like the brazen pitch of Cardano's dice, eating through the 21 gestations of lime, of restless asylums and spheres. In the third degree, I have given myself the haunted salamander's bastion, the graft, the dampened bridge with its opposable carrion. If this be thought to be the inferior praxis, it is because I have taken mathematics as my dice, as my mode, dispersed like a form through a castle. Say, the way a zero subsists in the impalpable. There is motion, yes, but in the way the Phoenicians perceived their oil flaring up on the open sea. So the way in which I speak has nothing to do with accrual, with a summed set of boundaries burning themselves in odd unscalable reversals. As to confidence, as to phases which move at an angle to reticular compunction, it is a lone gregarious hiatus. A hiatus which ignites its arpeggios like a sonorous haggling at the foot of Etruscan bread stalls. The energy which inverses, which emits its anti-dimensional storage broken into quotas like a velocity of spores working through cold galactic intensity. And I do understand that my heritage has flown from a cosmic Nubian fount on Ceres. This being the primeval fire. But from the gaseous view of Jupiter, I am capable of scattering tribes in dimensions that even the Saxon devices can't decipher. In comparison, Etruscan decipherment carries no comparable stealth or concern in the sense that I have fallen, or worked my invisible claws into a brutish land of uncleansed soil. But yes, I am

zealous, absorbed in a capacity of force, as if all the levels of darkness had begun burning in a courageous and subtractive cell, evolving from its emptiness being. So when sums are subtracted from being oppositions are emoted and spun. There then accrues a salvo by dialectic, automatic and opposable with flame. As to the irregular mansions of this universe, as to its realms which linger in the hidden dust of the cells there is explosive transposition, there is dust garnered in the burning symptoms of the rays. For there perpetually exists the light of the great liberties, of feral destinies subsumed and replotted as vertical intuitives.

Let us take the wild transparencies of Saturn, or the reversible deserts of Mercury, and let them ignite by the pure spiritual power of citron, with sumptuous fuels of argon floating across palaces of bold interior ozone, which cease to exist within the corrosive grasp of the strictly human as spectrum. These palaces exist like rays from illusive vacuums, all their motions akin to a wave of blue particle suns, much like the movement of one hand shaking a tribe of galaxies apart. Motion reacts to motion and is itself the power of great motion.

So when I move my fingers across the domes of deceased Etruscans I take on the liberty of a true, but erratic cipher. Saying this, I am concerned with archaeology of a cipher, where spectrums cease to register, where limitation dissolves in space by reason of its sensate visibility. So for me, the Etruscan is only initial adventure, is the nascent model minus dialogues of hemlock, minus the cold and unsalvagible traitors that have given the ruthless a despicable human peak amidst mazes.

But to interchange souls with a panther would be to the degree that my way will have been suspended and I expend a life of dubious wingbeats witnessing double suns explode with an orange and palpable mercury. It is my pledge to curiosity, to the old and gregarious folklore of green bulls, and velvet skeletal remains. But I have forgotten this life to a certain conscious degree, so my archaeology possesses the necessitous code which balances the true unconditional spasm of victory. Therefore, it is not with my eyes that I stumble, but with the worth of an open salamander's grave burning with all the oils of a cold transitional teeming as perjury. And one must recognize this teeming as a hollow and meandering thread by nuance, by exquisite and active suasion by distance. So if the Etruscans are mysterious, if the voids of Pluto are uninhabitable as to egg count, it is only the beginning, the crepuscular boiling germ kindled at the nascent tree rims of the mind. As one who's lived in the fields of the human I realize the continuum, the darkness, the shadow of rain, the spinning of moons through the sun as I've come to know it. Yellow, again hollow at the gradient of inaction, where the sodium blurs and reclarifies the beam within the region of telepathy. So it is telepathy by which the viper tends to perch upon branches. And it is telepathy which takes as its honour the crucible which alchemically shadows the sun in order to glow at the level of the anti-mundane, to give forth strength atop the invasive scale of value. Value at this pitch being the concrete of its own potentia, its rhapsodic inevitable burst, phonemically random as in the way stars form around an archery of phantoms.

So what I think of as ignition keeps me distanced from any overt concern with the palpable storms of the blood, keeps me distanced from any overt kinetic with the post-historicity of icy poles and ruin, keeps me distanced from the roving ire of moribund vindictiveness, with the eyes of its 30,000 Gods roving in a chalice of gravity. I am always looking for the balance which grants me an insidious but even judgment which floats at the centre of Buddhist inherence, as I freely absorb the cranial thunder of its aftermath, its dissolving electrums, its foliage which sends out ghosts across stormy argon ranges.

To create for myself a philosophical guide, to implant a context with the most somber encyclials, is to emit from my lightning a tonic which ruins, which enhances totemic risk and confusion. Not that I am guiding a spectrum, or an advanced hierarchical glinting, turned around in its densely inscribed magical weight, no, but there is proof of a charged perpendicular wisdom which allows a being to converge within the void like a newly arisen sun runically struck from a helical spark of gems.

As to the first 10,000 years of counting, as to the initial Nubian tablets of writing, I can only ascribe dawns, from which the Egyptians created the first observable winds from various stars and constellations. Activities as anti-inherence, which ceases to relive all the thanatopic reigns of the most jealous and demanding monarchs configured by human destiny through the last 50,000 nights of creation. In contrast to such a statement I am not speaking of hubris, or of the antithetical motions falsely rendered within pylons.

The flood of Egypt, its blazing mandible hills, like a roar of sistrums, harking back to the first great melodies of the void; to the core of the rebus, to ghostly crops, to evangelical urns. And I speak, not as dust from a viperous sink of amber, but of levels, penultimate and crucial, electric with the weight of magenta. This being, the primary declaration of carbon, of empathy hovering in a zone beyond gravid sedentary power.

Duality is not riveted, is not based upon the stony sermons of surcease, abstracted from the forces imploded in inky dialectical harems. By its utterance, the affairs of the flesh are missing, say, with the count of 3 Etruscan wives, with bitter dispensation under the mantle of another 5 or 6 rivals. I would, under the most liquid of demeanours, remain poised, dark, Iberian justified; much like a biological seascape, focused, shifting under the sway of the random specificity of magnificence. Not like an animal, charged with memorial voltage, but the way smoke is bifurcated under the blackened rays of a holographic spectrum. Under a law of birds rising above a rude subtyphus, threatened only by casting one's personal chains around the angry momentum of a thwarting calendrical perspective, one is freed by burning lamps in one's skull, transmuting its light into transmundane auroras, capable of becoming the haunting silhouette which blends with the boundaries of the inscrutable.

Me, an Egyptian in Eturia, in the city of Cerveteri, with the preponderance of a roving Trismigestus, procuring power from the mesmeric galvanics of death, of raising alchemical thrones in the midst remnant animal farming. Hidden away from the

vases at Chiusi and Caere, or the immigrant Pontic vases formed by the Greeks by means of scattered hypnosis. I was surrounded by memorials to infinity, self-condoned along the circuitous rims of Phoenician isolation, rading into their darkness on a burning alabaster steed, leaving behind chariots primed in the obscure enclaves of Perugia and Vulci. Having come by way of Phoenicia from the magical sun of Heliopolis, one must understand that harassment and cumin were prodigious idling grammes, were splendiferous statuettes, much more enduring than the flailing kinetics of the Umbrians or the Gauls. Because, you see at root, there is the flashing of the cosmic furnace, the frayed and culminate hailstone mirror in which powerful odysseys transpire.

As the still great post-mortem powers, the Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Etruscans, still shaking with the intensity of extra-galactic transition, still shaking with the lamps, with the mazes embittered by spells. Therefore I can only account for the oneiric origins of my intuitive bodiless era, for the galactic trans-finities rhythmically spun around the pluperfect origins of its light.

Three being the perfect margin by balance, by a fleeing triple mass of suns, in this barred spiral galaxy, with its 800,000 light year expanse. It is the partial ground of my telepathic primeval, my contact with the Milky Way plunged into wakeless obscurity, so that all of its impalpable remnants scatter beyond the empty domains of its era, still persisting as a skill where I once led men into a methodical depth of persistent axial maturity. An isle of 12,000 lives which I know has spawned

in me the wings of a singular liminal crane, afloat across gulfs, across an objective post of magnetic realms, because, in the soporific spores there persists the misplaced Etruscan, the gladiatorial hemachrome, who has passed away as a body, and survived in the core of explosive minarets, sprawled across uncountable carbon, as a wise malarial cycle, amidst a blank and torrential turpentine, transcending the soils of a prone and vicious zodiac as magnet.

I have found myself spun through the breakage of sorcerous arcanums, not as a waking jonquil foetus, but as a dizzying emission, which subverts itself, which amazes as calculus, like a dawn of green rubies burning in tumultuous half counts. Not as in reductive angelics, making songs from quotation of Greek, from language of accumulated minimums, no; being must continue to dazzle in the fire of its anti-palpability, in the rhetoric concealed in the marsh of its barren critical flame.

Say, a cryptic note of bodies plunged in prismatic refulgence, or a glorification of flasks whirled in a bolt of amber reflections, with the force of say, a half billion volts shining in terms of heightened x-ray osmosis. In terms of a trial as to how being transpires, as to the way my current after-life transmixes, not imprisoned with substantial evidence, not grounded upon pragmatic testing proofs, its priorities conveyed in the way the sun was once construed, or the way funerics were intensely channeled.

In the galaxy, in the obscurity of its irregular model, its stars in movement like the praxis of bees towards a power, miraculously citron in strength, its outpouring microbes in

sustained a-rhythmical bursts in which the ignition of daylight turns jade, therefore the median forces become charged with the electric volatility of diamond, with absence suddenly gained and retracted, ruthless with the integers of a sudden germination, as with electric poles of nickel flashing across bands of riddled mercury, so that as the telepathic crane, I am the dispersed and impalpable Imam, capable of an eyeless penetration that the simple cannot possess. Therefore, I have the highest cyclical salt, the bluest development of ranges, by which interior wafting scalds, in which the human threading capacity lingers. So throughout, an absorbing set of ravens, the pre-bodily form becomes a rising of general vapour, aligned with the scansion of a post-mortem birthing ground. Which means that drills within the human bodily serum become rife with the overwhelming floods of dissected magnolia.

So, to paint the ghostliness of my face with a prone and yellowed capsicum would be to distribute a powerful yet yellowed lightning along a vertical interior trail mined with an enclave of conundrums. Such action concludes upon gradual salivation, much in the way a form is subsumed by an ancient demonstrative raft, boiling in a drama of wands. This being the drought of athanors, of true intangible kindling, in which I have evolved a wayward Spanish galleon on Venus. Which under the auspices of a hundred billion arc lights, exponential in a red and inevitable dalliance of lunar prestidigitation, possibly 2 moons per system of static solar revolt, or maybe under the auspices of one solar giant 15 unextractable moons, with 3 enormous plains, with 12 extinct fish, a diorama of roaring

hydrogen mirages, with 5 kinetic harbours of steam. An encompassed methodology, with a droplet of ice rising 3 days later from the dead. This is the scar of true monomial explosion, the water, the carbon, the selfless woven sums, mirrored in the true objective force of weather. Or conversely, with the oath of human eclipse as its striving, where whole galaxies evapourate with stunning dissipation.

Toning my polished Etruscan skull with my life force granted by an astral cholera of eels, I have no other onus than to unalterably transmute a fiery Phoenician anti-furnace, fantastic in the sense that it blends with beatific dharmas, with runic lepton coronas, with an emptiness which stuns with blazing neon perpendiculars. And so as the crane, as the empereal crown of Hermes, within the 13 heights of the mind, so that beasts are crossed and symbols become concretized, so that the Uraeus, gallant and transcending neurosis, no longer buffeted by specific neutering turbulence, by a reckless and deserted ozone, so that one rises through generic oxide, into that discipline, that bearing, that total tourmaline intent, transmuted into the clarity of sudden igneous towers, into the power of eclectic vertical prairies, green, and faithful to the 22 meridians of the tablets of osmosis, not unlike a glossary of sweltering, allowing scope and respiration within the current of totality, with its rays beaming down from the reticular scales of utopia, from the fabulous complications of Hūrqalyā, therefore, I have broached the negative germinations of wrath, the angry poltroons of Damascus, as well as the archives summoned from the force of human killing as power.

But not to know error is to lie, is to spit up poison through the harrowing margins of weakened mineral campaigns. It is the deeply filtered and the wretched who deny this, who test themselves with exoteric modes of perfection, who turn their branded melodias to simple outward gain. In contrast to the constant rotation of immensity, to the trebled glare of inward cyclical rarity, such outward wit carries less than the power of negation.

I, simultaneous and blazing with the Prophet Idris; with the central axis of the moon in my thought, in the fiery valleys of doubt, enwrapped in each stolen fleece from a legacy of temples. From such crowning and subdominant harvest, from such subversive and piacular contradiction, arises a burst of gloom, a diabolical singing, suddenly freed and transformed into a concordant lightning, into a spherical halo above a vertical emission of ravens. My triple concern being honed with dispersal, with excessive harmonia, with green kilowatts of carbon. Therefore, erratic consumption by treatise, by neutral atomic squalls in winter, by the transmundane character of dread. Through the victory of such motion I have found the wayward and bodiless breathing connective, to all living stones, to the filaments, the ions, the intermediate transfusions. Perhaps a glimpse into the vapour of utopian spinning grain, into its compass of whirling deluge oil, like the stars in their flux toward the core of the "Great Attraction." The Milky Way as prone tornado alembic, as stunning waves per second towards this stationary wind in the unknowable. So in the sun of my ghostly neural field I am its magnet and its absence, its torren-

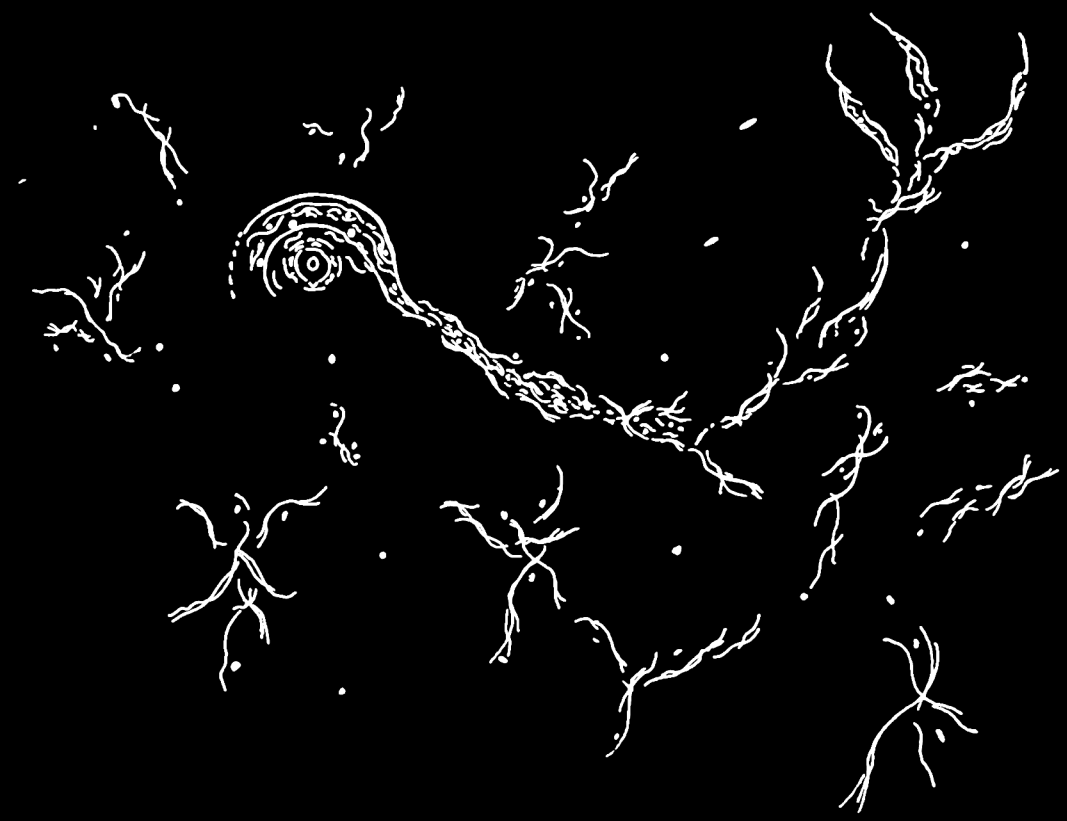
tial and fulminate mechanism, floating, as a billionth cosmological electrum, as a turning glint, as an anti-calendrical plasma. And I mean attraction as flow, as current, unlike the ruin at the centre of symmetrical trapping ore. The cunning, the oxygen, the intersidereal luminosity, enriched and mathematical with octadic elevation. Which illuminates grammes of four dimensional subspace. This universe in which my blinding corpus thrives is no more than a portion of charges, of partial spaces emblazed, in which my mirrored form is structured in 3 rootings. And at the root of each structure exists an adversarious glimpse, an impalpable cloud base. I deconstruct these various phases with feedings inspired by simultaneous masses. A green light from this hurricane of crypts, this vertical hurricane of existence, emotive as the sum of each objective solar base, living as a camouflage of bells, dispersed across the arcane specific of the spore, of the frenzy of photinos, of the nerve as it exists as the echo both receding and occurring as velocity.

There exists no gravitational abruptness, no disruptive human claw leading me back to this strange Etruscan squaring, with its vase of nerves flowering as random mirages. Therefore to pullulate, to forge, to engender, to pull, from the obscurity of terra firma a dim historical anomaly, brought to interminate refulgence. In this regard I am given the weakened hunter's ire, me, the stunned anti-marionette, initially brought through death, with the very stones of my resistance spun around the flight of smoking astral coronas. Given such advance, I am sporulation through distance, contradiction

through deferential. My voice being smoke which stuns through the force of multiple theory; as star group, as revolving homologous gale, by which, I lead the expectant, beyond the doors of human fissioning and its trembling. Beyond the carrion and the neon of Phobos, beyond the spinning sub-group of voids.

With the proto-photography of glass I am able to reveal other and more demanding sub-groups of voids, of other meterorites and potions, in the attendant vicinity of other more intensive individual voids. Which in turn are part of a towering release of boiling deltas and pulsars, of smouldering theorems and asteroids, alive, throughout universe after universe, within an archaic foci of ferocious iridium and sulphur.

TOWARDS THE PRIMEVAL LIGHTNING FIELD



Towards the Primeval Lightning Field

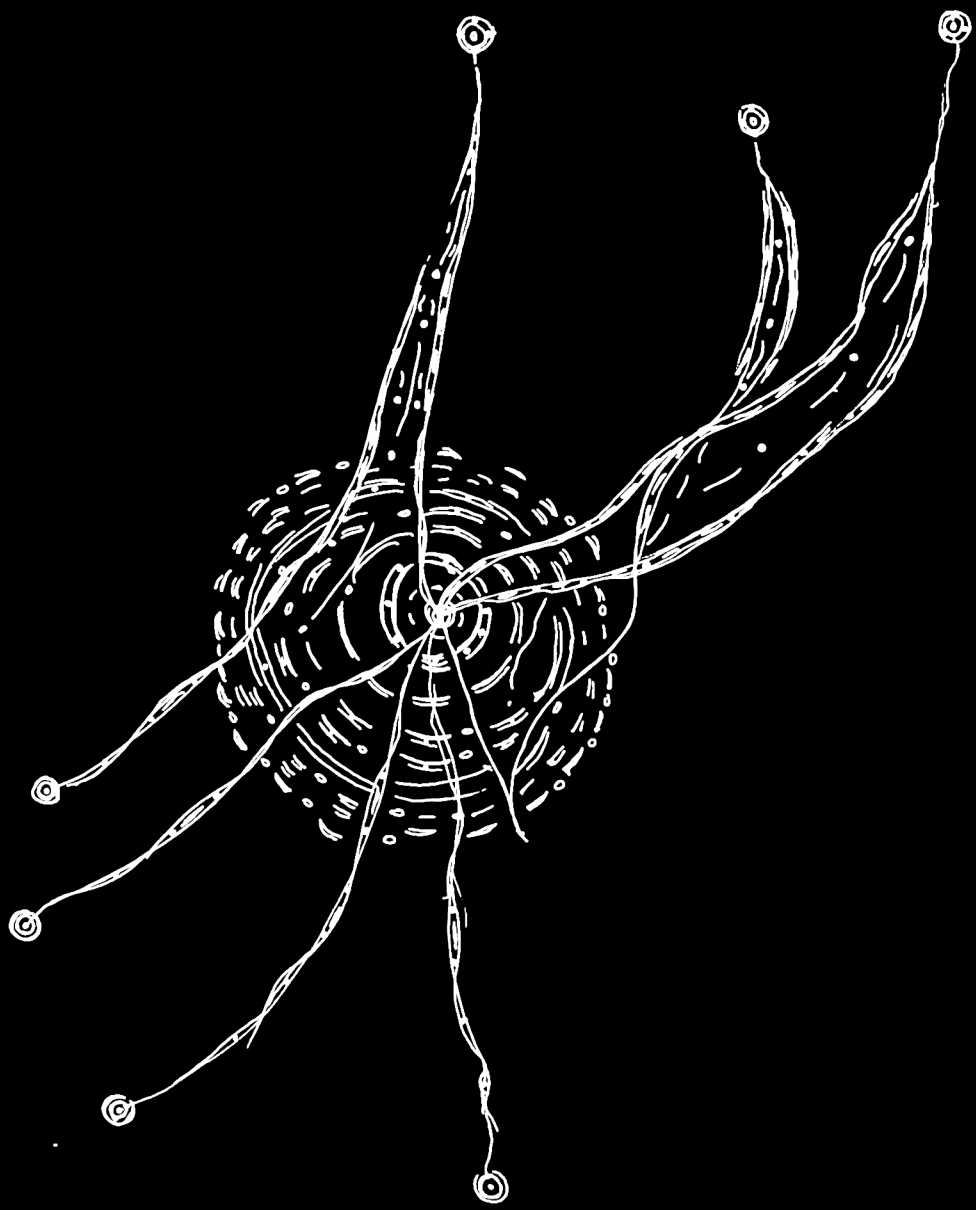
THE old chronological towers are ash, are prisms of disfigurement, symbolic of a world cancelled by consumptive inmelodias. As for alchemical transition, we face the raising of new sea walls, of banished and re-engendered electorates, trying to cope with new intensities of weather, as the anomalous hypnotically increases with the power of inverse subjective.

The body is now weighed on a broken axial cart, its blood conjoined as it rises within a nuclear darkness of ravens. So as Piscean chronology now shatters, dawn becomes an unclaimed resurrection, a tumultuous eikon of skin no longer formed around its old dendritic artifacts. The calendar of draconian enfeeblement with its integers of the past 20 centuries, erased, its linear Babels darkened by the extreme necessity for a new perpendicular burst, transmuting in demeanour, with history consumed in a roll of flaming aural dice, with its wizardry of tools subsumed in arcane vibration, turned into a power of splendiferous scorpions. The psychic wounds of the past eclipsed in this new millenium by the power of smelted dragon's blood.

And so, I speak of a new being of symbols, of lucid catacombs and spirals, its language being spun in fabulous iguana

iridium. Now, with the decayed constitutional stages exploded by telepathy, by invulnerable oneiric intuitives, the mental axis transmutes, like a reddened swan, with a new cosmic skeletal reprieve, afloat amongst the forces of the primeval lightning field, taking on the dharma of the great sustained emotion of eternity.

RATIO AS WEALTH BY NOMADIC LEMUR



Flock as Transparent Density

EXPLORING RATIO from the penultimate hamlet of treason, where its condensed rotations multiply like a talismanic goddess of intensity, like a sun in its absence of divisibility, in its subtractive ossification of turpentine, newly understood, spurred by alchemical missives and ciphers. The fleece of a private calculus, of geometrical blankness, of whirling intangible zeros, like a moon in its separate electrical weights, suddenly fused, suddenly given the glint across the frenzied mica of uneven sierras, wandering, like the Madagascan galagos, with its weather subject to form at the poles of a voracious Navanax volcano.

Of course the intense dialectical creeping across the mirrors of loosened parallel tracing, as if marks, made by Spinoza and Nietzsche, exploded under testing by optical theorem, by sudden glass and spoilage, given the tonnage, the ghostly intuitional timings, like a blankly divided spore, given over to bloodless mathematical harmony, with its terse constitutional ratios suspended, never nearer or farther than the axial lines etched in the mind as elusive mental galactics, as divided culminations, as planes which ascend a graphic mountain of angles, so that the ink in darting proto-motion becomes a dazed

sienna herring, swirling like an unsettled force in the cancellation of the Pleiades.

One thinks of scorching turquoise squalls where the integers boil, where the sun in its multiple register eats into the dark in-dimensional mentality of Venus, into its doubled totality of ruthless quinine and carbon. As in an explosive moat of strange imaginal sodium there is revealed a gulf of birds in the maze of true electrical clarity, in which deltas are soldered, in which, a philosophical crimson takes on the poise of a ring tailed lemur during a phase of hypnosis. During a phase of androgynous nickel, giving forth fumes like sounds from eclectic lava, beneath a mirage of sculpted ravens and snow. As if, under another auspices of seeing, there exists in the lemurs' soul the total perjury of lepers, of haunted nitrogen emblems in the embrace of the ratio of bells, in the dark amalgam of bells, listening to a pact between gradational centipedes, and the lemur I project magically subsisting on psychic birds and oils.

It is akin to a singular force emerging in number, implying towers the height of a trillion and 50 leagues leaking vertically into the void, its ratios reversed under the treacherous and susceptible upheavals, like fire from atomic magnets, escaping from insidious monerons, as in the crucial syllabus of a nerveless optical deference, spun from volitional lunar graves.

Because there exists as sub-dominate, the ratio as wealth by nomadic lemur, as fervent antetype which dazzles. Being the fire of metamorphosis it is the pole of radical subduction where its nutrients encounter fuels in a germinal mirror of

splendour, in the fuels of a slain iguana, known on Venus as a palpable ratio of dense embalming grains. And the latter, rising as sutures or spells, or, bursts of numerical cobalt blazing by pure polonium, by signals which tumultuously singe the vapours as they arise from animate angular gullies. And so I stand, ignited and entranced by a match of impalpable boron, by waters of silt and magnesium, paradoxically stunning in a state of abrasive circular demise. Like a cold rotational sun as an outpost of cinders, under the charge of the mysterious, the occult, the vanished. As in virile in-melodia there are branches which relapse into proto-existence, into coils of invisible geometry, like a glossary of stones speeding through indecipherable chimeras commensurate with the elliptical tangents of eternity. Tangents, which inscrutably ascend and eclipse the crushing powder basins, the mesmerisms, the tallies coined from the ideal markings of a flattened beam of arrows, glacially tabled within a retaliatory optical square. As if under the threat of a wild and nervous ray, of the threat of a calculus of fishes, like a flash of unfixed ratios, a culminate wizardry of diffuse and culminate blood withdrawal, as in the balance of neon with its rare and colourless properties, beauty being, the permanent test for its existence, like a sudden radiance in the Sea of Marmara, triggered by a spectral sine and cosine "in terms" of a terminal point of arcs, winding its way through the probability of fractals, the "open mathematical" sentence, unsolved, involving "fields", and "rings", and "groups", and "domains", summoning a spherical artery of deltas, of curves, of ulterior poly-hedra, seeking segments in a length of fluid which

no longer parallels, or closes its optimum advantage, by extracting axioms from a burning gate, or a glass encircled raft, coplanar and simultaneous with the fall of criminal republics.

For me, the ignition of inbred attack against the power of commensurable magnitudes, like the geometrical stasis of one such as Leibniz, with his systemic crystallography, with his deductive denial, "linked" to "his plans for a universal symbolism", a calculus of all knowledge, his "Characteristica Universalis", a one dimensional moneron poised in the coded lake of termination, like a mare indelibly marked by powders fallen from her skin, spawned from a diet of strange dialysis and wheat, or a niggling mental chivalry brought to bare in a bloodless notational climate.

Me, I'm concerned with a vapourous cognition of traces, of volts in angelic vocation, which pre-exists data, which ignites the ghostly electric mass of our wavering planetary kingdom, this world, with its realms of magnesium and barley, with its broken somatic crafts of vertigo and slaver, with its shivering sea water suns spiralling with conundrums. Therefore, sounds conveyed by an impregnated insect, with a magic heat at her roots, at the base of her ruminant indigo. And from this one can translate thunder, metallic clepsydras, ringing under moons with a transdissected number, with oceans welling up within a beatific adrenaline port. Bodies then regarded as stunned and obliterated compounds, as the source of explosive neural rounds. So ratio as transcended pablum, as summons suspended above a magic anti-target, seeking to reinscribe balance from the power of an eclipsed Euclidean

scenario. As for me, I mine the ore from disjunctive serial vacuums, from transparent non-sequiturs. So when an arsenal of herons takes as its burning point the scattering and motionless work of an unbevelled oasis, numbers accrue in simplistic complication, arisen from the "tally marks carved" across the sea of the mysterious "Ishango bone", with its 3's, and 10's and double 5's, leaping as poetic equations, as fuels of African numeric beauty aligned with other regions of jasmine, with phosphorescent reseda, unsullied by the European docket prone as it is to maniacal tools and collision.

Me, opposed to the ratio as rational steadfastness, as mount of carefully sculpted sadiron, perched upon the confidence of an asthmatic praxis, not upon the true density of monologue with the motion of its various gradients ignited by revelation and terror, nor upon the ambiance of electrical androgynes. From my inwrought glossary ratio amasses at its core a blackened upheaval furnace, a well, a vertical turquoise responsive. Or in another alchemical register, a haunted diaphanous algebra, a launched geometrical diamond, from the cells of limitless arcana, because there is no arc of limitation, no inverted vaccination, where the health of the ideal suffers from the drainage of locusts, from piercing tubercular frondage, from a dual and maniacal sweltering converging upon lemurs that rot against a spiral of emotional asteroids. Unlike a "Truncated Prism", or an "Oblique Triangular Prism", there exists no substitute for explosive astral mass, for the hermetic lateral face, for that which supplants the ethical skulls of that which dominates reason. Yes, against that which attempts a bloodless con-

tainment distilled from an atmospheric glandular motive. Such containment I cannot concur with, nor disrupt myself with its emaciated flashing, imprisoned as it is within a prone single body, within a previous juxtaposition of a pre-concluded logic, excluded from the grammes of a symbolic wildness. I submit to you that all ratios are unfixed and contain no victories as targets, and because of their anomalous flotation rise above the anti-alien in procedure.

Therefore ratio must proceed from bickering germination, from portions of disrupted science, because one can never conclude on proportion, on the segregated fault line as integer, which blends, which undermines, which takes away rote as advantage. For me, ratio condenses as evanescent vulture, as that which unlocks the grafts in its feathers, so that rational lift and flight scatters in a random decibel of pulchritude, so that each static summons loses its linear moral enrichment, its recognizable service, its tediously hardened tone of sculpted treasury motifs empowered by the falsely inventive motives found in the general balance of a secular scriptural notation. Number then brought to the pitch of ghostly invisibles, to the paradoxical flux of diamantine osmosis. It then automatically activates a legerity which breathes in inscrutable crystal, which ignites a far-flung and luminous jade, of rapturous living forms towards the flow of imaginal radiance. Of magnets spawned in the spiritual sun, and released across the 7 pure fires of intensively spun galactic intensities. One being ire; the second being the short lived infernos between breathing and the absence of distance; the third being a soldiery of rotational tour-

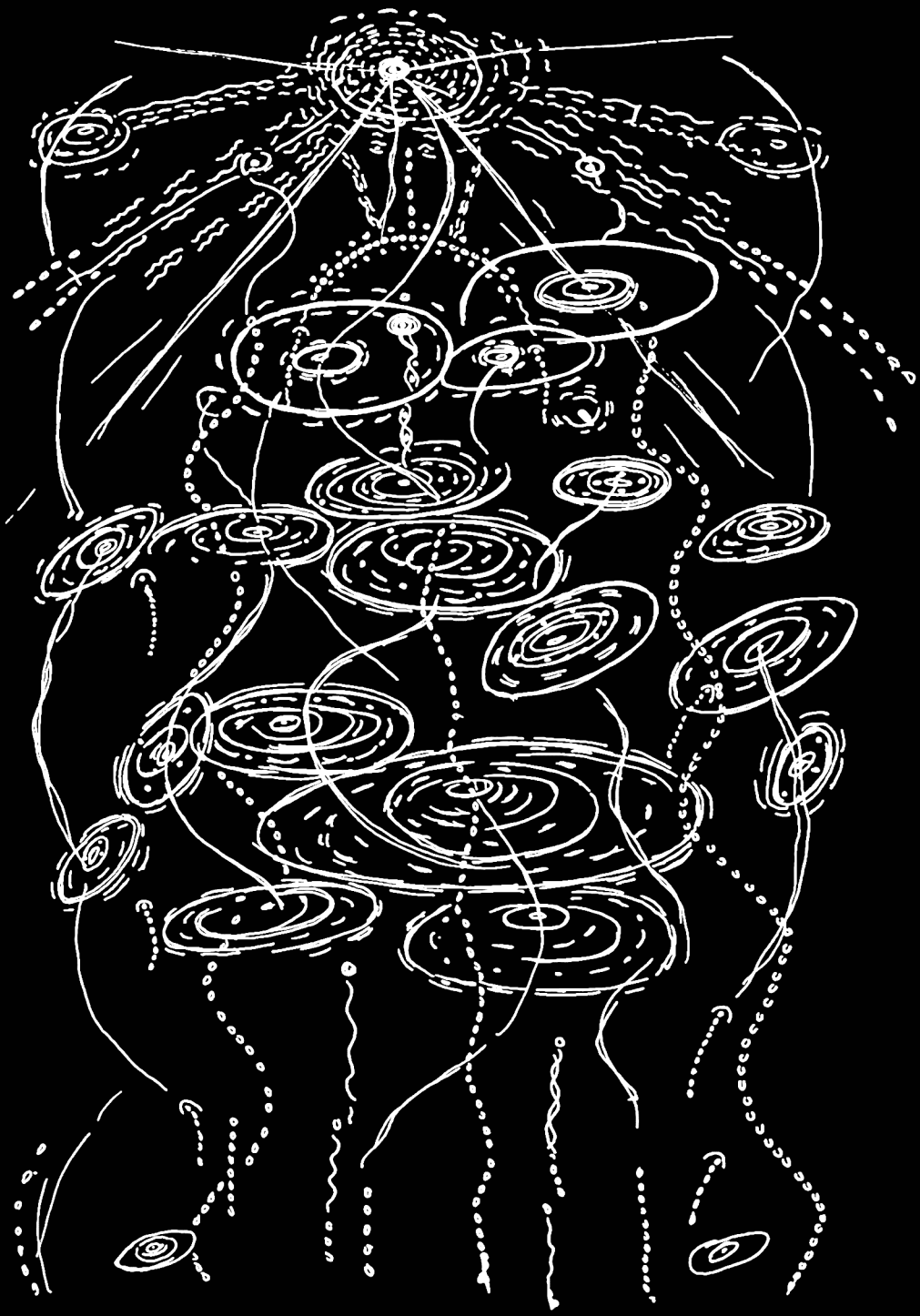
niquets, acidic, yet drained of all analysis; the fourth being simply the elements of gregarious eruption with the viridity and strength of a nightmare; the fifth being a rung of invasive hydrogen with the colour of a ringing anti-law; the sixth being a language having the grasp of a proto-philosophical tension, partially on fire with an astronomical ring of singed larks and albumen; the seventh being a magical blaze of germination and volation. From such momentum one sees the sorrows, the rigid and despicable monitors dispelled by that which ceases to dissect, by that which ceases to embody the salt tinged by properties of gall. So ratio as subversion, as kingdom which no longer rotates around the myth of vulgarian frequency. Ratio which builds a mystical 3 throned chamber, with the star above its venturous axial mists, no more noticeable to the outward eye than an ash point at blackened lunar rise. Therefore ratio as ruse, as power within a heightened aural gambit. It exists at this magnitude so as to pursue its power throughout the realm of reflexive generating moments which leaps the prevailing quantity of regions. Not a mathematical congress, or a board of debilitated regents, debating a prosaic economy of death, but intertwined amidst beings who live within the enigmatic scope of a mental hurricane palace, floating in and out of a tragic liminal priority, consumed by charged grammatical instants of gold. And they are beings who are of the nature of indubious gold, who transcend the dialectics of a moving sketch of genes, by which they summon magnetic combinations beyond a gulf of burning ampersands. And it is by means of the most blank, of the most listless complications, that they merge

in pursuit of seraphic penetration. I mean a penetration more hallucinatory than light, with an intensity not unlike a virus, but with this core of difference, that their generic engulfment becomes allergic at the height of the phantasmic, where vertical perception takes on the action of a transparent state, like the ancient Mayan calculations, moving "farther and farther into the past without ever reaching" a point of tangible genesis. It is much like the example of a ghostly dome in a lake escaping from a burdened embroidery of fishes. The constant substance, say, of 3 which is the permanent and unalterable equal of 2, can no longer be pursued as a sanction, as a complete mental grainery, capable of all the functions, of all the possible texts of coherency, of all the generating frictives based upon a code pursued in its assumption by a dominate Euro axial minority, where illuminant height has been downward, to where it gropes amongst brilliantly argued bone, unceasingly hammered through the gates of retraction. This is why I call for the body of dissimilar planes, for a random parallel numerology of sparks, of odd vibrational linkage, like a simultaneous flux between irregular Hominidae and angels, between human liberty and the moon with its tropical charge of fiestas.

Absolved of the somber dialectical bursts which lean downward, the infra-red with its sudden mode of frenzy harks back beyond the model of Egyptian gliders, beyond their inward exile in the 4th century BC, utterly destroying the incidentals of the Anglophones who tell us that the peoples of Kemet exhibited no conveyable knowledge of "the square root of fractions", thereby making the invention of trigonometry the ab-

solute genius of the north. Such lies are now of solemn disadvantage to these latter day perpetrators of albinism in the midst of their cadaverous lapses, always poised against the miraculous anodyne of ration, against its violaceous mirage, where the irregular and angelic Hominidae like upright and nomadic lemurs, take on the true constant, like the "the stride of the ibis", of its transmuted cubits, of its hierarchic narration. Of course, of its double poles of fusion, of "sublimation" and "condensation", with the sky inside its motions forever a volatile blue rose, an indefinite sum between factor and factor, with a triple solar ocean above a "unitary radius", with the collective mind envigoured by the unstable density of the lottery of danger.

THE WHIRLING KING
IN THE RUNIC PSYCHIC THEATRE



Simultaneous Rotation

It is not with the steepness of vultures that I seek to procure an arcane stability in the void, but by the blending of halts and motions, like the vertical equilibria of fire, brought, to an incandescent pitch of value. To evolve from the bottoms of nigrescent stone by means of cleansed pyretical umber is to forge new voids, new cells, new pennae, above the common moth line of the species, which continuously dwells downward, within collapse, after collapse, after collapse. And by the species, I mean the counter-balance of species by the alchemical imperator crowned upon an ignited obelisk or a slab. This ignited imperator is one who spins within blankly inspired rulings, no longer an advocate of the regnant powers of iron, of weighted tourniquets of blood, of falsely embellished spasmodics. The sum of each living inequity now ascribed to alchemical frictive, to a glance at culminate hematopias, with each possession no more than a corpse spoiled at the juncture of a lateral anti-departure, robed like a sphinx and placed upon a stunning rural carpet, so as to contemplate its cells, its powers entwined in oceanic lightning. One thinks of a bird with its osmotic claws anomalously riveted to a strange Venusian death light, to a darkened flambeau.

This is to take as image a disengaged expectation, a prolapse of trumpets, an embittered numerical deduction as fragment or bastion. I have come to the conclusion that each volt, each decibel of dishonour must be revalued and reborn and given the utopian germination of a spurrious hydrogen feather, or of a thought which shatters in working daylight or geography, non-equatable with siblings evolved from a blackened source projected in a sky of colourless adrenals.

Once my hands were of the core of scripture and punishment, once they seized on a series of stunted parochial astonishments, only to remain within the gravid pressure of Hominidae, subject to stabilization and nuance within a limited amalgam sacrificially combusted within the plebiscites of the dialectic of known and unknown being. And outside of such dialectical jaundice exists heresy, the shapeless and vulgarian definition of decadence, which brews its ciphers in a fraudulent anti-wool, in drearisome spells of darkness. But for me it is always the lamp upon the torrid monarch's scaffold of transmuted injury and blight, of ulterior assassination by charisma. And so, as one so duly rendered, as one who has lived by the language of shadows, I am him who has ceased to recognize himself within the psyche of a post-Hellenic turpitude, recognizing my brooding post-luminal body within "the picture which is not in colours." I have left the emblems of perceptible outcome, I have taken away from my throne room the comfort of pre-planned mangrove hunting, and have placed within my riotous wake a small inscrutable colouratura who rises above her daily disadvantage by intoning a dialect of telepathic

aurora, scattering my shields, my rotten cornucopias of silver in order to join forces with the "Great Work", with the hallucinatory beatitudes of magic. Because of this, now combined in my ardour is a newly wrought divining for the dead. Not a treatise mind you, nor an abstract coffin in which to describe the dissected fate of a body, but the power to understand that I have dissolved in-copius rudiments, that I have instinctively forsaken bribery, so as to cease to rule within the powerless grafts of a culpable outer kingdom.

To chop off the heads of goats, to ornament state secrets with torture, no longer suffices as duty. And I mean duty as outward kinetic, concerning the drawing of human blood, concerning the murdering of monsters for prestigious display. As a king, I have specified 2 urns as my backdrop, I have drank a cold Islamic green from my goblet, I have surveyed the Moorish lanterns of Iberia, so that when I come to a stance, when I come to a wisely chosen acre of granite, I am on grounds of a new and undistinguised bodily grain, a prophet increased by fore-shortened spells, by Persian miniature gladioli, roosting upon the blood of erupting lateral wheat. First, my self-induced dethroning, then my painful trials in a scornful occult chamber, then flight outside the body, then return to its transformed anthrax waters, then seeming conjunction with its hatchery of defeat. Then the roar, the brace of tensions in the soul. Then the fatigue and disgust with those who hound my interegnum with analytical critique. It is the process one must bear, that is, the poison one accrues by means of inward perpetration. It is the ingestion of a level of the most austure opprobrium, of the

most austure and limitless frenzy, to which I have adhered by means of a bloodless Taoistic wind. A conjuration in which my body no longer exists as that which is seen or hidden. I am not a centralized alembic, or a placid flame within a purchased Carrara. At this level of intention I am magically aligned with those who proceed from hamlets beset by acid and treason marching through the tree of lamentable expulsion, stressing by their form the pernoctation of angels. And because of my remove I am not subject to gifts of forced berries, or galactic kegs of brine. To the stationary eye my force has disappeared, has vanished within a cusp extracted from forms of roses.

Now the centre as blackened syllabus, as transparent moraine, as upper habitation, where the waters and the suns are both kindled by splendour. I mean the rays from immaculate rotating arcs, in keeping with higher forms which float through compounded auras, through revolving lands of water, inscrutably parallel with the wandering glossolalia of vacuums. I maintain, I have not inspired ruination, I have not taken as my true summoning feast autonomous heraldics, or occulted partings reddish with stony radium markings. Yet I can't deny that these latter pointings are part of my example, part of the way that the stones of life exist in my system. Yes, I have sipped potions of braised herring, and walked from shield to shield upon strangely inscripted thorns, so as to take as part of my bearing sums of unlimited searing and brightness. One could say that I am made of wild impalpable formulae, of cryptic intorsions, my eclectic coloratura giving me the range, the operatic vivendi, to unseasonably procure, this, my initial disap-

pearance. At first, this transgression made me multiple, made my insurrections seem nominal, yet there were bursts, carnivorous gains of physical bodily absence, maintained as diary in a dialogue with anaemia. I was empowered by the art of distance, by the gregarious remonstrance of vertigo and algae, which has remained emphatic with my torrential height of genesis. I can say quite forcefully, this is not of the dust of political mirage, or as a baited form connived by conditions of horror. Induction does not figure in this code, nor does a moral volcano glinting with erasures of a false material sun. Therefore I am not a thief who has announced his own exposure, nor electrified his true umbilical leaning towards weakness. Because I was forced on the throne without shakti, I was given a piacular Cimmerian mace, given power by the sheer inertia of the kingdom as it meandered between partial aphasia and war. No, I was not parallel to Sargon, king of Assyria, in the sense that I tried to hide any former deed of deadly usurpation, but the orders I gave were made to spill blood, and to hold my sword of carbon at the collective throats of my archdeacons of rivalry. Then, during the latter days of my reign I resorted to barricade by ideal, to wiping away rivals by means of ruinous magical stealth, by runic and violent dislodging by gryphon. I grafted integer by old memorial copper, by an ancient curse of pure incendiary evil. But because I was born within the law of angelic protection I was able to insure my somatic ineffability, to somehow defend myself against the treachery of the kilns. And living far from the theurgy of the cerulean hurricane caves I only knew the deep meridians of

the sun after certain respites from battle. I was king on the throne of specific amethyst trials tested and cured by strength, by a green and anti-Biblical journey, by chemicals procured from a periodic wrath. My health was imparted by scales of philosophical sodium, and by comparison peace was never my willful body, nor the daily trance that I engendered. I've killed by land-locked obsidian frigate, by gregarious optical fish. And being far from the open sea I've extracted piranha's quills and reopened old physical wounds by means of the strength of my helpers. And with them by my side we ventured into wild neighboring destinies as if to clash with the ultimate level of fate by means of a poisonously invaded blood grazing my sternum with harsh momentums of vengeance. And my body, draped over curious carnivores, hissing with a viper's sensation in my soul. Of course, this did not harm me, or place my resurrection at the core of a bleak and sinistrous cellular confinement.

Now I am here within the ferocious cycle of bold incarnadine riddles. Because of this the dust around me is wayward, is of Asiatic cipher. At intervals I take on Moorish astronomy, at others, I take the conflict of griots as my name. These being the gifts, the frictives, the lamentable boilings, which I've turned into debate which enthralls every gramme which floats through magnetic infinity. Just as it dwells in the Strait of Messina as the Fata Morgana, as splayed vertigoes of mist. Therefore, a Moroccan unicorn, an osmosis of whales. So to import value as a king was an attempt to surmount the blazing borders of the abyss, to rake from cliffs of salt a transmutation of "destroyed remains." By so doing I survived the

invisible punishments, the claws of mathematical anger, the absence of the dice of gelastics. Mind you, impulse was not missing, as the guilt of the dead constantly swarmed upon me. I grappled with deceit, and I was compelled to deduce the choreography of pain. Then, as attempt to fully ensnare me, conflict was always launched by my enemies at the nadir of my self-eaten ethos. Born as they were under a sun of cariosity, they each possessed a constellation of hidden birth marks which my astrologers told me were dangerous. That their origin assumed form under a leprous attempt at creation, and that they existed in earthly diagram as a type of celestial monster. Yet having enraged and defeated their vileness, they cast upon me sores, they gave me sulphuric monolouge as test to my intentions.

Being absolved of philosophical abstraction was my test, was my drone, was my burden. It was a test to recant all of the blood that I stood for, it was a test to destroy all my spoils which issued from niveous ruination. Now I can only say I am that which exists without the gravitation of dharma as it existed before the sunrise of darkness. An oasis, baffling, like my first exposure to nebulas, to the fiery lakes in forgotten existence. As to subtrahends and proportion, they allow me to forge the perdurable, the inferno which exists as the first scope of recrudescence, the first star, the first encintured aurora, cast in my eye by Mayan penultimate heritage, as a spell, as the howl of a moon dog, scavenging level by level into the factor of number.

Inside the site of mythological zeros I have escaped 2 or 3

suns across futures. And one must understand that I have not accepted any of the gulfs, of declinations of illness, which tend to reveal a truly weakened existence. From the 4 green worlds that have drowned, from the fire that has escaped the roving refuge of infinity, I sacrifice 3 dark triple moons, a blue convulsive sun, and 4 gargantuan habitats of ore. Yes, the sweetened plumeria of the jaguar, with its fate of 7 induced interregnums, within which magicians discuss the vatic interaction of comets. A prophet is then condoned as a robber of hives, as a body of freed molten, with the 12 diverse inceptions thought to extract from its millet a unification of groves. Yes, a series of unistructural rays, marked by the irregular characteristic of the centipede, with all life force condensed under the insurrection of the species. And I mean insurrection as perpendicular, as codification of stellar persona, found in the mountain crag, in the barbituate jasper urn, in the potted corolla of the shark. Therefore I consult the flaming creosote stone spun by a diabolical rebus, by a blackened dove of hearts. And I am led by its force to a crystal pyramid of kelp, to a sorcery enkindled by old mongoose victims, transmitted by surges, and deduced from the motions cryptic to the Andean Hill Star. What results, are waves of oneiric potion, eclipsing the sands of parasitical foundries. You see, I now exist as an absolute stranger to the tribe. But always with ubiquitous markings about my skull, my social enigma transmuting disenchanted Myrmidons, degree by absolute degree. To such engaged phenomena I can give no specifics of measure, only to insist that I am he who has transmuted ravens. My sole indoctrination being a pleni-

tude of wavering, an insistence of bells by which the poise of the general alphabet poses markings which instinctively point inward to explosional feasts of locusts, to panthers split in two at the rib cage, to the stunning desecration of lizard entanglements. So one takes the position between the neurotic emblematic of lemurs and their hunt for a climate in contorted crocodile coverings. And so, it is an imbalance feast, a solitary vapour in wild monaural yellows. Within these Mayan verbs of blood there is an inborn blessing beneath the sharpened flights of a sapodilla sun. And this sun, with its darkened rays of fruit emits a hypnotic curse not unlike the appalling animal beauty implied by the feverish phosphorescence of bony jaguar lamps. This is the fact of how stars are counted, so that mystery in the form of a lunar arc or circle is a higher beheaded formula re-established in its power beyond the cyclical western light and the death that it embodies.

Perhaps in my person there was the figment of a fleeting glacial genetic, of magnetic moral figurines, intensified across the valley of chimeras when I accepted the rigourous subtility of otherworldly ozone and evanescence. Now, me, above judicious punctuality, astrally transcended, so that I can cleanse the marks against my victims, cleanse their old crematorial honings, in keeping with the way that I savagely inquire concerning the status of my former scions, as to whether their individual distinction should be left to Quetzalcóatl, or should another more gregarious intent be sought in my quest for the obscure fragility of their human roundelay. Should other questions be posed as to whether the ray which passes through us

is of a thoroughly genuine motility partaking of a smouldering elliptical epic, or of a merely diabolical fire of a desolate machinery giving power to the bones by means of a dazzling and suspect harmonic; being the studied form of a lesser invention? And is this lesser creator more correspondent to a delta, or to a tsunami, or to certain scorpion founts found across scattered zones in the Namib?

These are questions posed concerning microscopic oblation, concerning the tone of argument which reaches beyond the oracle of candour, to the strange angelic demons who practice a dark analytical poison against all that ascends into an eminent magical methodology, attempting to corrode the human power with the unspoken voice of telepathic hatred. As I attempt this regal totality I am given as fact an uneven gestation concerning the upper, more symbolic crystals of revery. A totality revealed in the sense of the depth of Nähuätl which knows the sun to be electrically transfused across the atomics of a vacant centigrade spectrum. And so I look to the vertical realm, to the Mayan heights with its 9 and 13 levels, the latter corresponding to the green diurnal hours of the gods, and the former to the scintilla of nocturnal abysses. At the interstice of this crucial tearing I am able to encapsulate the burning scent of the 40 double factors which draw their stealth from the rise and fall of greenish double zeniths as they heighten. According to present law I call it Vahomoché, first tree from pre-existence, "endowed with great power against... demons." At war against the 9 lower powers I've extracted my allies from gods who exist above wind. They carry in their fingers a trace of

malignant treaties, and wear in their eyes the raw force of fulmination. This is the fire with the power to forge crystal, to forge with a regnant key of blood the essential topos of victory. With antinomous stamina I've mocked the haunt of the lower powers, defining their justification as the culpable food of misfortune, mocking the sterility of grain in their forges. Yet, throughout the strain of the 7 katuns my soul has faced the menace that the sun could turn instantly ashen. Knowing this, I have replenished my chambers with ghosts, with intermediate repartee thereby seeking to diffuse the demons who condemn as a matter of survival each of my synodic revolutions. And I am answered elliptically by a black and susurrant dust ascending with the power of ascending "eclipse tables." The cycle of Venus is now trenchantly obscured, the maize, inscrutably reeks of thorn, and my retinue of eagles singed by false imprisoning vatics. Their eternal spans weighed down by strange eruptions of oil, by a mirage of herbivorous salmon subreptitious as to actual sustenance.

Cut off from my allies in war, with all the cycles suspended I am counting moment after moment the magic which must arise from the truth of my butchered goats, the truth of my grainy heritage of glyphs. Having gathered my forces near a zenith of deer I can sense a deep green sun now exploding the malefic vapours by a tensely summoned accuracy of sound. My eagles, now occluding a demeaning greyness, have now scattered the ghosts into the ominous force of their ashen secondary sun. Being exhausted, I can only view my powers from a spinning clarion mirror of owls.

Cleansed of fierce armiferous omegas I've simultaneously regained the wealth of sudden synesthesial guardian hives, the sudden ballistical transcendence of history. And it is this transcendence, this illuminant hierarchical density which has sustained my flight through stinging locust trees. This has left my detractors scorned and imbalanced, thrust away in stormy axial roots. And these roots are of sulphur, of wrecked calendrical pylons, of uprooted maize fruit, where the gods of anomalous pythons remain hissing in a sullied anti-dimension. Because of their falsidical origin these gods are endemically stunned, and vapourised, and annulled by means of disjunctive residuums. Each ghost is then embodied with flawed microbial anti-rays, with the temper of biologic deafness.

Because I've risen above combustion there exists the concerns of dissected metal, of uncharted bifurcation, of disengaged bodies, of self-detractive suffocation. The result of such articulate combat is the now empyreal erudition of unalterable coadunation. And the question arises, how have I ingested the fulgurant attempts of my scorned detractors? How have I extracted gold from my sworn enemies of spleen? By emergence from reasonless dust, from proud chronicles of wavering. I have transmuted the life of inseminal pernoctation. To the profane this is a dictum of a baffling enzyme boundary. You see, in former times I would speak of power over a zone of feral menagerie replete with the movement of "fantastic saurians", embellished by "jade and water." The monotony of its quadrants haunted by spectacular yellow birds, part Quetzal, part iguana, part salamander organ. Discordant parts re-blended

through cataclysm, by refinement through astronomic cataclysm, reptilian in their vertical torrent of pitches. And the saurians would remain electrically bound by their pitches. Fed with hardened stones of flesh they were formally delimited on my behalf as a collected and ashen oracle, giving me the names, and ambits, and movements of my enemies. I secured the very essence of El Rey, The King at the very height of his predominance. I moved towards the founts of war and termination, and in the depths of my persona I was emblazoned with copper, my spears were flashes from previously slaughtered suns. Therefore I had condensed the eras, the ignition of kinetic ravines, so that my wooden face was camouflaged in greenness, and matchless as to former incarnations of strife, as to previous cycle after cycle of torment. Saying such, I have reached the core of pre-Hispanic theology.

I am that stela at "Quirigua'" sweeping back to "some 400,000,000 years" into the past where a memory of a previous 7 suns exists. Hovering in this measureless vault of fine spun china I know the ore of theological lunation comes from a state of realia far beyond the locales of anti-"vigesimal" counting, far beyond the doubt as it tries to portray the enfeeblement of the astronomical tropics, smouldering this side of endurance. With Venus, "the great star" as my invincible listening witness I can predict with veracity, with a preserved computation of calm, with the high perambulations of a golden thought elapsed from subtraction. This being the condensed novae of medicine, of unstinting eudaemonics, bringing once again purity to those who brew light in a cold and disabling

underwater jade. Now, I am productive of a haven absolved of the psychic matter of occlusion, with its origin in war outside of this cycle. Outside the web of the plutonic lower saviours. Me, with precise astronomical logistics, my lenses torched with perfect crystalline instruction. Above all, I am fired by the atmospheric vertical, above the "universe of... gods", above the "savage gamblings" of men. It is the level where the blood letting ceases, where the rulership of souls must inordinately withstand a new apocalyptic assessment. Of course this is the will of a blinding inlet, of a horse sea, of a mixture fused with doubled lightning water. So for the conscious mind to rise and implode it must condemn its wretched gressorial steps, and then begin to mine the nature of its own imbalance; as if its fault lines were pure with the fluidics of a scar, burning beyond the brink of indifference.

I, the whirling king in the runic psychic theatre, moving in spontaneous rotation over and above a moonless burial law, roaming and escaping all my treaties with Saxon mensal incarceration. Escaping its expressive piece meal liberations exposed within the limits of what is known in the West as alien cranial morality.

Because I've weighed my moral strictures on revolving terminal scales, I've lighted successive wickers by means of a fructifying friction, and the ice, the ground, the bones, the debated ink of injustice, argued as a force of the fates, with each of its cosmic potions empowered by eclectic contagion. So in all these traces my actions have been suspended as to the expressionless fevers, the insanguinous monerons, with

their vertigoes, their sudden stammerings, against the singularly charted sun as it sculpts its indifferent indictments with singed assassin's numerology. And I have withstood the forces which have dwelled upon my own extinction. For against this evil phenomena I have cracked the marrow of light from a rock and brought to purest intensity, the bliss, the rawest incalculable heights, where invisible gods, proceed by the power of disciplined astronomical procession. Cleansed of every form of dishonour, their forms become sonic, like the sound of a second bell in a mirror. Therefore I remain invisibly inspired by the fact that the pivots of annihilation have never succeeded in ensnaring the fires of my central rootedness. Have never, despite attempts upon my shadow, inflicted a lasting penury upon my soul. I am of health and have advanced through levels of alloy to reach the reddish glow of the central sun of arum. Because to perceive the emptied form of the world one must succeed in obscuring one's habits by skills accrued from a typhlotic techne. I am aware of this because I am powerfully afflicted with the knowledge of the genesis and corrosion of worlds; of the shattering of obelisks, of uprooted deserts. Corrosion being the present condition, illuminant beings are being brewed within a teeming jaguar's spittle, capable of enduring a vast array of exploding lava fields, of the spillage of corpses from rancid sierras. Advanced beyond the ark of the grave they will have escaped beyond the fleeting social curses, beyond the imprisoning germs of collective biology. They will partake of the tonics, the accents, the symbols, brought to mathematic homophony, to precise atomic diamond, in much

the way that emptiness casts away death, and the cataclysmic yield from the naked palingenesis of far flung katuns. So if one prophecy illusively escapes itself it is telepathically consumed and alchemically re-invigourated in the flesh of transmogrified cataracts. It then draws upon fevers, on nuclear persons of character, the waters of their blood arising from gods of an erroneously assumed obscurity.

So how explain my coronal life of explosion? By mnemonic remorse? By steaming contemplation over rancourous cups of blood?

I can say that I have surmounted each of my articulations as overking, as he who proclaimed status as almighty umber. I have taken as base the darkened smoke of the crocodile, its cosmo-mystic endurance which extends through the zones of "aboriginal" calendrics. I was known at a former remove as one of the Bacabs, Ek-Pahuatun, blackened god of the west. Because I am of this former stripe, I shun the one recognition, the one "invariable" postulate, centred by unchanging domain. I've come to this fecund blizzard of revolt by means of dark un-naming winds, utterly destroying all gainless plethora garnered by embracery.

Now I speak to those who have survived the storms of malefic cycles, of swimming explosion of rock, of waters withdrawn into botanical groves of the sun. Then you must apprehend my assessment of drift and re-occurrence of signs. And these signs condense within sinister uncoloured suns, within ill-smelling nadirs, within piacular inflection across an unchanging solstice. The social morass, the scattering and colli-

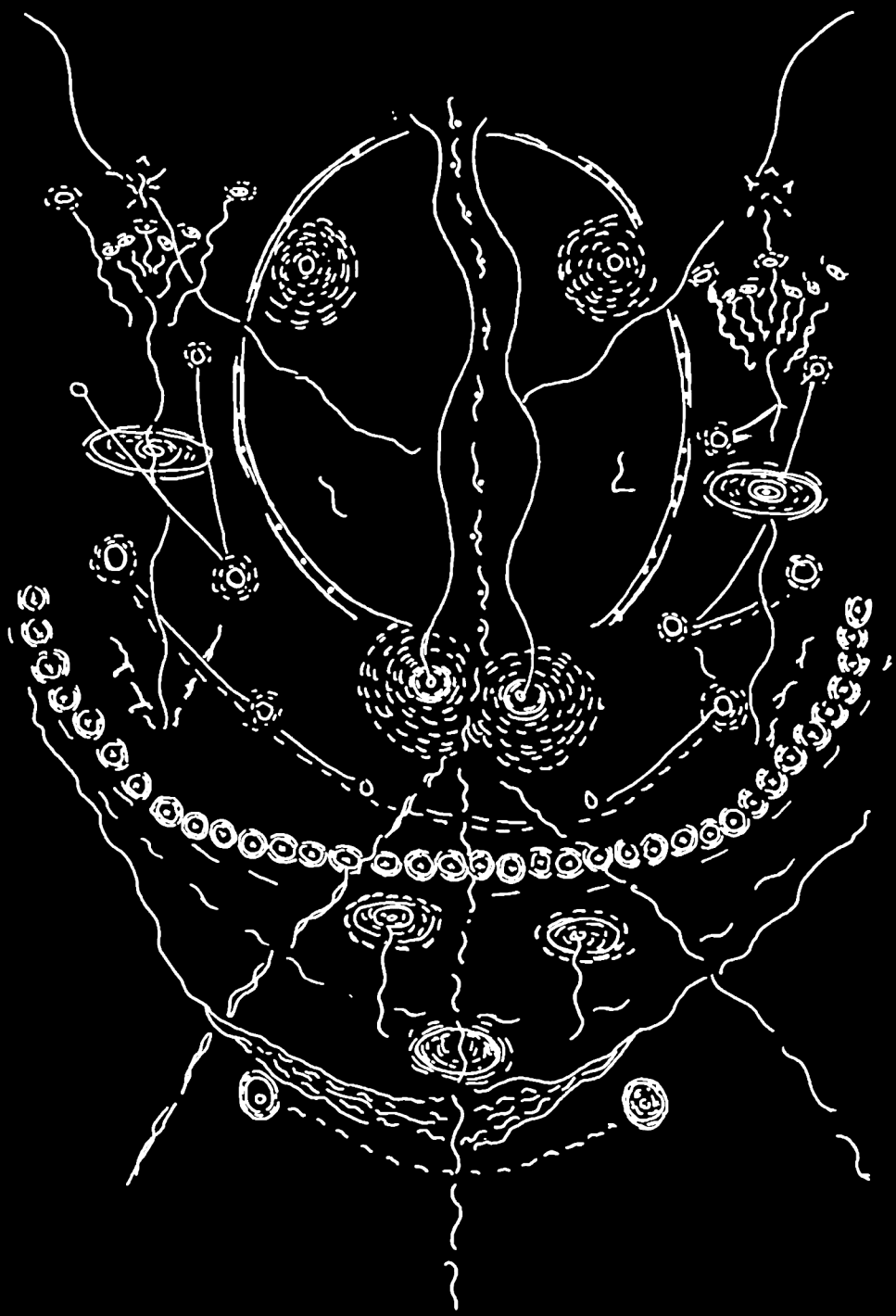
sion of publics, then the daily heat from galactic war mirages. As I speak, I've outlived the loss of old foundations, the wanton fangs of distrust, the aborted disposals of regicide. So by knowing when the moats of a sunbeam are forged there exists the precipitous drop in the virulence of one's weakness, in daunting factors vatically chisled in a stormy oasis. One then opens the blood of essence above eroded flanks and ciphers. One then springs as a bird from the brazen force of diminution. Perhaps then, one will dress within the vertex wings of a calescent Quetzal bonnet, with magnets culled from a liquidated forge. This is the level of a liquefied clandestine parching, of a drone of fragments, fused in the soma, above the fire of a razored wall. And what emerges, is a hieroglyphic maelstrom, a salubrious and indigent rainstorm. The latter then invisibly sculpts a luminous plebian being in a sum of dissolved placentas. This being the first aquatic burst of renewal, of eclectic water depths, of a source of resounding persons utterly vernal to creation. Then when invisible eaglets form in the depths of their eyes, one discovers annihilation of the common force of fatigue, of a first invincible brooding. And so new alchemical frictives soar in the regions of the blood. As for me, I call it alchemical bewitchment, as formed perception by action. Green unitary molten, speech with its uttermost mercury. Then the slate and the heat between the alpha and omega of suffering. This is the length of our particular katun, its crucial test of an unsummoned species. Now I can truly speak of the strange sincerity of appearance, how it principally binds and unbinds, and blanches its demeanour in a series of complex-

ions. Therefore, it is a language which transfuses doubt, which overcomes negation. As to the aerial powers of new litmus and skin, I will refer to calcium and fervour as pattern, as a form of lineage from which beacons strengthen within a power of fiery omniscience. And these beacons are like moons, inscrutable serpentine moons, their light ascending beyond obliterated boundary.

This is nobility as transmutation, as inspiration by graph, by thoughts of impulsive upheaval. Condensed by the serenity of cancellation, the mind ceases outside of time its renewal by corruption. Not bony desperation, but telepathic character by noun. Such is the movement of dazed breathing, much the way a yellowed dog hunts and breeds above the face of the earth.

Here, without doubt I have reached the pointed abolition of insignia. I have reached the "primigenial ceibas" strengthened by the blazes rising from alpestrine infernos.

LANGUAGE: LEAP AS INSCRUTABLE PHYSIC



Glottic Transparency

I suspect any concept of human intentionality or agency must be fundamentally unsuited to understanding language genesis.

– ANDREW JORON

EVOLVED FROM a strange incarnadine oasis, spun from a prior leap of dazzling stellar vapour, language as mesmerizing instinct, as a various and particular forge. I call it the seepage of old ghost counts, the murmur of pre-established helium, partaking of vatic ambrosia, of fecundated destiny, mirrored in a kind of meandering eclipse foundation. A foundation burning antecedent to any meadow or oxide, it is the invisible pre-syllabic of carbon, which pre-exists the dalliance ensouled in neutrinos. As to diachronic count in asteroids or voltage, as to edicts which brew in solipsistic gnosis, there is no figure, no cunning or precise debacle culled from a stormy wandering body, like 2 or 3 moons absorbed from dendritic navamsas.

Of course one thinks of the great agitation of distance, of mirages that glow around the feral mercuries given rise in the arts of Tunisian leper colonies. These examples being analogous to the seedlings of language penultimate to the sun as congealed star. One can never poison this mystery, certainly not by the shape of a dense logistical drainage in the mind. The genesis of language can only be intuited by a cleansed poetic stealth which overcomes the origins, say, of the first sounds of Hurrian, within the explained neuroses of gods, or

curious initiation spawned by "fantastic beings." Thus, there is no tangible access concerning the human pre-glottal, no assiduous index to linguistic acquisition of the Anu, or to pre-Mousterian telekinesis as it existed prior to the Pharoahs of Nubia, nor trenchant understanding of the dominant locale of gesture as it tended towards the cusp of speech. Of much more graspable content would be, say, the fractals of a moving tornado. Again, more productive content would accrue from observation of the movement of Chilean hummingbird sorties, within the movement of rivalrous gages. Of course there is the post-physic of language concerned with its sound which passes through "the oral cavity...composed of the lips, the tongue, the upper teeth, the palate..., the uvula, and the lower teeth." According to Saussure the following are the "distinguishing...characteristics of a sound: expiration, oral articulation, laryngeal vibration, and nasal resonance." But this does not answer the riddle of language as pre-destiny. Not by an act of modesty or excess, not out of a magnetic grasp of primeval circumcision do we understand the riddle that language poses as inscrutable semiology. And I am not speaking of its structure in articulated forms, such as French, old Sumerian, or Hopi. I am speaking of an older grasp, attempting to follow the movement of wasted oxygen as it spirals from a blood tree. Such is exercise brought to the pitch of great density, where my hearing is shifted beyond all deadly and maniacal blockage. And so the questions remain, what force preceded the sun, what then existed in this region's carbon limb? What was the form of its kinetic foundation? I can chart

no impalpable source as to the sun and its biological absence, or to its pre-figured light before its burst from isolation. As to the perpetual tone of the chromosomes, as to their formerly sealed weight in black mosquito trees, I can only address the various quotas of language as potion, as evolved criteria from magical incitement within each stunning territorial poetic.

You see, as an old galactic animal I feel my presence was conjured within a syllabus of acid. Therefore I can never be tied to a form, to an inky appendage tacitly spawned with closure. Knowing this of myself I cannot equate vatics with a separate rubric of God, whose mercurial index is compounded by fissures. It is a force which I parallel with a transcendent fort of anti-septic venom. Because I am convinced that language precludes this long standing debility, it is capable of magical synergy, which baffles, which torrentially exists as occult centrality. A spark, an incantatory monoxide, which initially occurs as subtractive voltage, inscrutably summoned during the phase we've come to know as our first true helical breathing. Not as an embittered delta, but as mediumistic spinning from an illusive inner fate which originally named the pre-existent sun as its origin. And subsequent to this pre-existence was the human as an emptied "social body", with its first spark of sound connected to proto-vocabulary as inference, as sulphuric ravine from which verbal signs took wing? One thinks of the genesis of "the Chinese ideogram...traced to... archaic signs engraved on the scapular bones of sheep or the shells of turtles in the second millennium BC as a means of asking questions of heaven." Or, "complex" Mayan "hieroglyphs" implying beatific

tropical fire, or the Egyptians with their logograms, phonograms, and determinatives. One also thinks of the Elamites at Susa, concerning the tokens that they modeled "being a variety of geometric forms, including spheres, disks, cylinders, cones, and tetra-hedrons."

By taking on the power of psychic pennas, I am able to access the propitious scorching of the Elamites. Not the containment of tokens sealed in bullae, but the leap of signs into transmuted splendour. Having absorbed elements of post-Nubian language, Ashurbanipal, king of Assyria, said of his capability, that he had been "initiated into the {books of the} omens of heaven and earth," and that he was "capable of deciphering word for word the stones inscribed before the deluge, which are hermetic, silent, muddled," language being a magic ledger which interacts with vacuums. The quotidian palmistry of the marketplace therefore exists as only the fallow soil beneath which exists the fiery language of homology. The latter signals the splendiferous as core of the rebus, as root of the unforseen. In this rotating plasma one finds scattering by seed, by preternatural adventure, by pure kinetic which glances and burns, poetically dissecting darkness. Its first rotations exist like ethers which rise from primeval lava. And I am able to take these incendiary scars beyond the dazed and brutal linguistic of vendors into the arcane mesmerics of a turquoise virtuality. Not as artificial plenitude, but as the overriding condition in which one exists as presence. And by presence I am speaking of looking through the earth into the core of stellar

transparency, as if all the living mediums of the body had shifted to a resolve more akin to ignescent neutrality.

One thinks of passionate blows to sullen internal copper, shaped by heightened alacrity into dismantled sums. Then one is intangibly compelled to bestow connivance upon the rays from a sweltering river. So that glints exist from the core of its spectrum, as in codes which refract parts from tumultuous novae, so that verbal sums connect with the perfect mystery of carbon. Languages being torrents alive with ghostly side effects, like the muted calling of a muted Hurrian calendrical mirage. For at this level of function terms such as scarcity and perusal no longer serve as example or working praxis. They cannot be the voltage which empowers the inscrutable. One then understands their dysfunctional analysis without the power to draw heat, or summon grammatical disjunction in the service of poetic discordance.

For me, language exists as erupting transfunctional plasma, as magic intensification of multiples; thus, linguistic methodology is not capable of evincing a scale of insight as long as it limits its power to mono-dimensional linearity as habit. In this it no longer suffices as health in that it cannot imply its inverse ratio to the sun. Not by lantern or mountain can the ether of language accrue in poetic circumjacencies. Spawned from impalpable hydrogen it springs from a strata of reversing circular depth. Its life in pre-Hominidae naturally existed when its holding vacuums ruptured and simultaneously cohered in advance of thoughts which would anticipate an abstract the-

sis or model. Non-sequitur as movement, as flow across vatic eras, as whispers from a pre-edenic sun bell. And from this sun bell has evolved a complex verbal liquid non-canonical in origin. And because its origin embodies an unsettled dazzling, it is capable of transcending the psychic locality as we have come to know it on earth. This living zone as extracted from the cosmological electrics of the sun. So if we psychically squint backwards through 10 billion years of vapour we may come to identify the universe of our species as one single cell in an exponential macro-creation. I am referring to "Inflationary space-time" where the "observable universe may be part of a much larger cell" with simultaneous "background temperature." Then there may be adjacent cells of smaller or greater background calescence in which other forms of universe appear. Beyond which, our "inflationary space-time may be spawned from a vaster realm containing many domains with differing physical laws and numbers of dimensions." Yes, stellar mysteriums spawning a sudden voltage within a strange and blinding distance.

Say, if one could ponder fractals within a dark medicinal adage, one may come up with proof of a dense invisible mansion in much the way that the ocean's power draws particles from kelp by means of adroit but subtractive binding. Again I think of mesmeric rotation, or explosive indoctrinal wisdom, empowered by a trenchant anti-compunction. Therefore language cannot be stored or diffused by subaltern chronicles. Its fluidic harmony, its magnetic constitution, whirling, like cryptic decibels or rubies, scattered throughout human neural com-

plexity, which transcends the universe as one single body or focus. And so our one flammable vector evolving from the nebula's original vocal drone illuminant with gargantuan drift.

With language I am not merely concerned with motor definition, or the fracture and assemblage of phonemes, of ore extracted from glottal analysis. Nor do I stop at the barrier of language embodied as social constraint concerned as it may be with my enemies' herd or his wife. I am speaking of the quality of sound as opposed to strict study of "differential constituents", of differential textures as exclusive units, as in the scholarly art of anti-condensation, being a secondary part of the total verbal aurora. And by aurora I am thinking of the blood of strange cities, of flashing emotional thrust, of the fertility of whole effect. If I postulate phantoms through wild alpaca foundries, it tends to burn with unseasonable grimace, with unintentional mystery. Such mystery coinciding with the snapping of twine from a Richter. Not erroneous speculation, or the brutish flare from an unseasonable persona, but lightning in the mind, vast meandering amplitudes poisoned by gregarious rain-fall. Therefore, it is like scaling a cliff of oneiric electricity, at once transmuting the power of vulgarity and the sepulchre.

Vulgarity a simplistic populist ease; and the sepulchre, an academic temperance frayed at the core by search for rational decipherment. And of this latter assessment I in no way seek to devalue the findings of Jakobson or Truebetzkoy. As it stands I carry a central fascination with the scorching connective between meaning and sound, as if I were that first genetic con-

centration, magically naming stones from primeval eras, unconcerned as I am with subsequent description of this act. If I speak of phonology and the rise of phrases from morphemes, it is because I see it as part of a natural lyrical flexibility, dipping into the instant which electrifies the sand connecting thought and speech. A voltage far beyond the dearth or scope of an isolated definition. On the contrary, language for me is of regal storms, of spontaneous engulfment, filled with acidic cryptology. But as for the open methodology of hubris there should be no advance. No, none of the methods of speech formed by conscious aggrandisement.

As for inter-polar phrasing, it exists for me as verbal shading through doubt, as if I were walking up elliptical anthracite foundations. As if I were staring too long at an agonizing drought forged by compulsion and instinctive inhibition. It is like looking for marrow or bread within anachronistic brimstone, or like a blinded hawk crossing backwards across a glistening salamander sun always liminal in my search for resin or example. Yes, it is the uncertainty which draws me, which compels me to keep distance, all the while imbibing language as a torrent of mercury, quick with dangerous verbal throngs clashing within a living bodily vacuum. I mean in the way that phonemes have properties of sound as it proceeds as coded accuracy, as abstract, but testimonial seizure. For me, it is lyrical crystallization partaking of a fervent lateral grace suddenly rising from a lake of pretonic vowels. Then "vowel lengthening", then "a burst of emotion" stung by bouts of insomnia and

citrus. Not the chronicle of a few blackened aural hooks bursting with pedestrian disdain, but a first glottal essence, a charge, a congruity of saurian vocables, attuned to describing the first imaginal cryptography, the first alchemic grammatical ochre, the particulate flame from genetic lightning mills. In this primeval zone the sun is condensed to a linguistic hurricane concomitant with a vatic electrical scent. A priority of turbulence, of actual harmonies broken and re-burnished against ignited reptile walls. Initial sound as nerveless wave, as kaleidoscopic marrow, as dark mercurial drainage. So for me, the whole current of sound is the contact which breaks through lamps of aphasia, stripping the scales from detractive funneling girdles, from the sleet of a mentally cold dysphonia.

So to get back to sign as lava, to heretical rising above entropic termination, thereby tracing the ghost of fundamental liberty which ceases to act as denial to translucent burning. Language then no longer repels, is not contiguous, and no longer lingers as haunted vilification, nullifying flux from its borders. Neither does it signal homogenous drought, or a perforated zeal, but seeks to imbibe sparks which erupt from explosive sapphire hamlets fundamentally set free from allegorical weather. Again, not a mental clepsydra honed by a deadly metrical fascination, but the passing back and forth between the visible and invisible, between the chronologies of ambulation and surcease, swirling within the codes of a higher functioning somatic. Here I am thinking of releasing the codes of felicitous damnation. For instance, the realia of

spoiled yearlings, or moonless lexical wheat. It is going beyond a cherished jubilation so as to speak in whole form, wholly resolved of shrunken moats culled from old albino.

Language at this state being the curvature of incessant medicinals, always brewing, always fighting against the waters of disabling fascination. Therefore I agree with Artaud when I seek a magically embodied probing hypnotized by gesture, which utterly defies the motion of rulings as born from a ubiquitous and vermiculate reasoning. One then gnaws on a wafer of tendency, as if hesitantly moving through vertiginous subduction, across the body of inward verbal battles, as in the elusive wilds, persistent with circuitous nausea. Yes, a persistent destiny, an incessant gage auto-monitored with a puzzling focus within the arcane field of pure laryngeal resistance. Then the sums, the jetties, the mental confines exploded and maniacally re-engendered by a condensed kind of nacre.

There is a glaring difference between such probing, and exigetical efforts such as Maren-Sofie Røstvig's language in describing "the influence of biblical exegesis upon theories of literary structure." One concerned with the anomalous scales of susurration, the other concerned with "the order imposed upon the universe by means of number, weight, and measure." One concerned with language as mystery, the other, as clear sign and foundation. No matter the clarity found in "Pico della Mirandola's Heptaplus", or George Puttenham's "The Arte of English Poesie", there continues to exist the perplexing dictation of language being congealed by means of powers spawned in astronomical obscurity. No matter Mirandola's stately argu-

ment for order, one is always haunted by a nomadic fire, by a mediumistic inscription, fully superceding the 2 million years of the human species and the continuing condition of its cosmic isolation. Its ambrosia and distance from suns, allowing one to fully dispence with orthodox reason so contentedly displayed by Thomas Wilson in the 1550s in his obscure "Arte of Rhetorique." These are sepulchres inscribed with the dictum "...to make everything according to...pattern." For me, such thinking contaminates the fact that language can truly arise from itself as light from a higher moral water. Like a fever of angelic anagrams, or a realm of beatific indigo vapour, in which the hidden grammes, the magnetic saffron, carry in their wake utopian condensation. Thus, this hidden cryptography intuitively concurs with aboriginal sulphurics, with alpestrine explosives, with the flaming interior sea breaking upon the first obsidian electrical shore. And I am not speaking of language as impalpable mirage, as tendency divorced from the rise of broken elevations, from the barriers we call contact, or better described as the art of daily living. I'm speaking here of the categorical knife point, the nervous calligraphy which instantly broaches distance. Not a physical distance as between say, the Bengal tiger and its Sumatran counterpart, but the mercury of language as it vertically ascends and descends between planes. Take the noun ship. If I say lightning filled incarnadine frigate, I evoke hearing in a heightened neural field, connected, yet diametrically removed from the realm which invokes a more prosaic level which makes use of the noun by saying the ship fled out to sea. Language near its origin would seem suscep-

tible to invoking the powers of the former example, and using musical terminology, invoking the upper register of the language, this being a manifestation of its most astral aspect, of its most poetic plasticity. More to the point, I am speaking of language as alchemic fulcrum, as the necessitous human verbal pivot, instinctively sloped to the elevated fount of a resonant aural poetic.

Working in the poetic neural field I express myself in English the way Campana expressed himself in Italian. Not the language of pedestrian exchange, but language charged as a means for moving the consciousness to the zone of "interior liberation." To some, to mention such experience courts the obvious, reiterates a commonplace power. But I maintain that this level of poetic is hypnotic, evinces an incessant flexibility in which stock expression is transcended by an all encompassing rhythmical fire, which transcends the forms of terrestrial bureaucracy. Hence, the state versus Borduas, the state versus Lorca, the state versus Mayakovsky. All three were indicted because they spoke with the force of a treasonous grammar. They rose above pervading grimness, above stony symmetrical nadirs, above the verbiage of vulgarian planning.

So the poet who speaks with the fire of alchemical fervour, stuns and deflates the nexus of Orwellian tumours, the speaker's power being unleashed against habitual psychic impediment, against the rules of sickened mental digestions, so that collective neural roads transmute, so that the familiar disguise of pattern is occluded by the angry clepsydra of experiment.

Of course, an inscrutable ballet, as in a dim forest of jaguars roaring throughout a maze of symbols, ringing as heretical enunciations, greenish as a flight of sudden eclipse lunations. Such enigmatic perpetration allowing one entry through a moral catheter or a spark. This being the trenchant power of subjectivity, like a mercurial wind from a disembodied chalice, spewing arcs of ignition from a darkened generating zone. Because language, at its most transmuted level does not exist as a galling fruit, or a clannish abyss, but as a syncratic substance simultaneous with occulted semaphores, synonymously living with all the quivering powers that we've come to know as life on terra firma. The latter being the magic condensation of exo-biological ferment, sprung from instinctive agitation of the nebula, rife with seeds of Kemetic building and writing.

As to "gloomy" certification, as to nausea, as to analysis by truncated underwater gravel, they exist as part of the nigrescent honour of alchemical initiation. I mean by this, an incipient blazing, like the glancing vocables off a prairie of comets. Yes, a range more in keeping with an eel seared volcano, like an inebriate molten bursting with perspective. And not Judaic rigidity, but sanguineous black dots, invincible with stamina, with explosive charcoal sketches, which implicate the raw charisma prone as it is to irresitable obsidian. Like a stunned funeric cobblestone creating dialogue with vapour, equated with nascent mountain chains, or the spinning of meteoritic saffron foundations. A water both condensed and magnetic fused with carnivorous carbon, creating as an implicate power in the incunabula of the human species the ability to form morphemes

into nouns, this unique articulation being the outcome of a sweltering cosmic mist, ignited within the earth, which I'll poetically describe as a strange volcanic liquor grove.

So this original power of speech is the motion of anti-scavenger's ballet, cotaneous as both hurricane and symbol. It carries across its field the force of imaginal resonance where one can float above exploded dialectical ennui. As one can see, I am not making an argument for a mandala of entombment, or for a dalliance with theoretical emphatics, but for the magical movement of language as it flows in different registers of fever. Therefore, I think of cane field infernos, of mental wars on a beggars' ghat, of ruthless necromancer's declarations. So what I say is not a wasted linkage of nerves, but a particular combination of voltage absolved of skeptical flaws, of harried accusations. I mean the geology of "savor", "...not the base emotion related to personal life", but a "supernatural...representation, a moment of consciousness provoked by the mediums of art and colored with a particular pathos." It is life on another plane flowering with simultaneous heresies, like the aurific powers which emanate from verbal stress counts.

Say I take the electrical flow from the crucial sagas of Peruvian throne rooms 40 generations removed from their original dissidence or outcome. This is energy absolved of all obscuring personality, with its caprices, with its corruption by vacuity. The latter, condoned by dent of its own fracas becomes the absolute evidence of the inseminal fraction. But

here I am seeking to pour into the root of synesthesia and turquoise. Seeking to pour into that verbal trance where a nunnery transmutes its genes in a bell court, or the bifurcated flight of a dove across a reddish firmament of an elemental jasper. Pedagogical law being trampled, its urns smashed, its ashes disrupted. Then the sound of thought becomes fused with exotic ideal. This being the stripping away of systemic arias, of monomial physiology, so that the body as sound can leap to a level above a persecuted stillness. Yes, a vertical solar emanation, solvent, yet inscrutably distanced from a gross or empirical kinetic. A height non-commensurate with dianoetic assessment, or forms of palpable criteria closed to passions as summoned by demonic roaring. This is a level emblematic "of forms pre-existent to words and objects", immune from language as obdurate recitation. Of course we know there are literal meanings and derived meanings concomitant with complex animal exchange. But there also exists a "surplus meaning" "not deducible by logical inference and perceived, moreover, as the true meaning of the poem by 'he who savors it'. This meaning, this new 'power' of the word is called 'resonance'...or still 'gustation'. It is born from certain combinations of words whose interpretation by" prosaic terminology "is insufficient."

"Here again, the psycholinguistic mechanisms by which 'suggested meanings' give rise to yet other meanings is described and classified with a subtlety and analytic precision that is almost vertiginous." A fabulous interiority, a magic pole

of oscillation, a flowing fire of quixotic fervour. Language then fused at the electrical fount of the nebula's anti-termination, with its alchemical fuels, with its blazing heights and affinities, perpendicular with ambrosia, with the fiery celebrations, honed by the androtauric of strychnine and chance.

ISOLATION AND GOLD

In the Alchemic Helium Field

The apocalypse is in the core of the cell.

– SATPREM

...light finding its voice in a transparent equation...

– NATE MACKEY

PROVOKED by decisive "inner trembling" I have become the charged interior beacon cut off from the tedious assemblage of quotidian lateral mechanics. Outer entanglement as law, as tense and clinical self-binding. I equate such assemblage to shadows seen from the level of an isolated blinding. Its seduction of charred invictas no longer an armour of logic in which to monomially entangle my anchors. Entanglement in this register meaning exclusive adherence to base degrees of reason which take as burden of proof the most palpable agititation of matter. A matter grossly tuned to calculable entrenchment from which living thought has been detracted. Floating inward to fields of primeval palingenesis I am now subject to a phase, to a mass of collapsing mirrors, where I exhibit to the outward life an alien kinetic, which has failed at fully ingesting the common marks of a palpable occlusion. Though I no longer profess immersion in the historicity of the "unpredictable" Dardenelles, or the regional content of wine in the enigmatic Madeiras, my isolation from their forces becomes alchemic, liminal, galvanic with the incessant occultation of one no longer claimed by the iron of the outer absolutes. Because of this, I am now capable of a strange Azarian Mathematics mentally

channeled through osmosis. An energy which floats throughout the diamonds of the Chakras, its motion implying the power of mysterious interior gain, of a cataclysmic sundial, motionless in the motion of its anti-spinning insinuendo. It is the glimpse of seepage, of a magnetic ghost on a ridge, evolving by degree into the cyclonic fount of purification. An amplification, yes, but not in terms of an ostentatious coding, but as to zeal in its power to vertically excel by interior magnification, by an eminent invisibility by grammes.

Say, if I could grasp a sundial's serums, and if, by understanding the breakage of giants I am exposed to a glare which in no way impedes an essential osmotic electrification, I know it is a sign that I have entered a galaxy of waves, of forces which have ceased to invoke the judgmental ethers, the sudden a-rhythmical torments which plague the dualistic mind amidst wandering Hominidae. Therefore, a mind imprisoned by the dialectical scale of value, inhales portion as ethic, as trenchant arbiter of an after-life fulfilled by a paramount re-engenderment of mechanics. It is to walk across a scorched syllabic field where enlightenment is akin to apportioned decibels by feeding. This is power at the lowest tribal Chakra where the diachronic is insidiously overheard like a hypnotic quantity by the greatest number of beings. Rampant turgidity accrues, with the personality sculpted by a dizzying array of facts.

You see, I have overcome the tribal Chakra of bio-mass as surgery, as ethic degraded by common standing. So I live in stunning anathema under a viridian sun of blistering estrangement. Say, if I were subject to Christianized self-loathing I would

truncate my houseless blood, I would sculpt my efforts in mirrors of martyred erasure. Of course, I would carry myself as an ill-formed foetus, as a tortured mendacious logos formed by an assiduous and disaffected grounding. As to metempsychosis and its cycles I ascribe to its powers a watery sand and its burning. It does exist, yes, but not as described by zealots as they exist in their didactic armour. They preach by means of a sulphuric mesmerism connected by glints to medieval prophecies of hell. To this they ascribe a principle far beyond the human condition that the latter condones as strategy. Living above such reasoning I can no longer reconcile my fever as heresy, as simple revolt and apprehension of one who scorns the realm of the exoteric symbol. In Azarian Mathematics what it means to float beyond barriers means precisely to get the core of existence by means of true ambivalence and concentration. And what I mean by the pure core is not the incisive definition of Imperial disdain, but the essential conductivity which sustains the momentum which over and over inscrutably rivets us to the elevation of mystery.

Of course the old questions, why are we here?, why do we exist in the flask of visible circumstance?

Only to have the animal stolen from us?, only to have our most intimate fervour destroyed?

I maintain that all religious praxis functions under the auspices of a negative consolation, under the power of a thirst of destructive compression. One becomes inveigled by mores which makes the killing of bodies the highest action of belief. This is duality at its most pernicious, at its most dysfunctional

annealment, which disrupts at the core our electro-magnetic purpose. And that purpose is not of a didactic nature, not ultimately defined by an interfunctional code condoned by specific tongues, or conserved by the force of certain weathers or localities. What I'm speaking of is life which arises from the primordial field of ciphers, our biology being the active mirror of this field. And because it is the active mirror of this field, it cannot be separated by those, who in the name of divine possession actively nurture disunity as the fount of supreme alacrity. God, as the radiant judgmental king, with the power to absolve us of an assumed experience which teems with natural electrical loss, with entropy, with a sullied vapourisation. At this level of functioning we are fused with the dialectical sensibility which transfixes existence, say, at the strata of the Myxomycetes. Again, at the station of lowest vibration where the broader scale is expunged there is human disfigurement, there is loss of instantaneous magnificence. The upper levels are befouled, the principle of eclipse becomes an obfuscating dominance across human neural possibility.

So by Azarian Mathematics I have come to that plane which meanders, which medicinally draws blanks when confronting that which asks proof from superficial chronology. And when I speak of such chronology I am not speaking of law as hermetic property, or glance and solution as octave to be measured, but chronicle as pestilence, as barrier against that which rises as asymptotic leadership. Leadership being balance which leads to arcane culmination. Therefore I can never centre myself within the minor squalls of obvious invective, say, in the

way Napoleon conquered land under the thirst of a brutal and momentary motive. For me, wattage spins and does not exist by outer oasis as mission. I have slipped into a wakeless placenta by means of a luminous hermeneutics. Because of this I am not the king who vocally spans the crowds through a boiling tertiary window, yielding to hubristic analysis, placing me parallel to the electrical mercury of the trilobite. Yes, I could stand at the popular focal point spurred by incessant betrayal, with my Myrmidons degraded by a series of culpable intentions. But in Azarian Mathematics there no longer exists the plan for a fountainous stationary beast; or a code implanted with seminal neuralgia. Azarian Mathematics exists by means of the alchemic as beauty, by means of propensity as vertical deluge. You see, by osmosis I am feeling the pressure of intense electrical cure, the pressure of mythological advantage, rising beyond the ash of pure clinical gales. Of course I am fed by irregular tornado, by sumptuous suspension as fury.

To acknowledge 300 miles of destroyed tornado foundation expresses a substance of nature whirling with arcane dexterity. With my conscious mind I cannot affect this power, or pencil in its density on paper, or extract its vestigal thermography from tomes on carnivorous waking. Azarian Mathematics demands interior gestation, demands tumultuous praxis, demands ironic alchemical spoilage. In this sense one must possess the nature of astral singularity with its plentiful encounter on the plane of osmosis. The intermediate distance, with its invisible despair, with its rigours of inclement organics. At the most brazen of levels one should multiply a series

of vertiginous empirical fractions extracted as an exercise from one's daily complications. After such action has transpired over the frustrations of an internal cyclic era, a Kirlian drawbridge is ignited, one seeps into spectacular rarefaction, into a suffusion of selfless intensity. First, it is the simultaneous roaming through 3 or 4 forms of mazes, then intrinsic hallucination by fractal, by conundrum against common populous weight, the result being impersonal exfoliation condensed by totemic charisma. By such Azarian formation the depths of cancelled bodies are fathomed, wisdom thereby becoming a dynamical subtlety, and the moon of each of the bodies' vibrations is understood as the flower of spontaneous carbon embodied in the impelling elusives of pure experience itself. And what appears on the surface is a seeming absence of motion, a plagued resistance to those who sheave barley, to those who achieve by a variety of misnomer a gross but tangible respect. I maintain that such respect is of no sustainable balance when dealing with the realia of Azarian osmosis. An osmosis without axiomatic, without exoteric enumeration. As to common law it exerts no palpable authority, no links to the wiles of accessible genius. Thus, result is no longer keyed to any logical praxis, to any measurable entity or object. I call it gregarious mental invisibility, I call it fruitful kinetic discontinuous with strata.

By means of pure Azarian Mathematics I am able to enunciate from an ambivalent critical tower the architectural forms of mystical quicksand temples. To those of the temper of Augustus De Morgan, or Giuseppe Peano, they are incapable

of perceiving such temples, or distilling their substance by means of the curious leap of strong imaginal passion. They, in the spirit of the algebraics of George Boole wanted "to ensure that mathematics be kept free of paradoxes and contradictions." In keeping with this latter sentiment, the formalism of Hilbert formed by an insistent "artificial...logic." But such ideas are non-sustainable when a mind of Gödel's stature induces the spectra of incompleteness. Such spectra ceases to parallel the distributional map based upon statistical thematic. It is the absence of metrical correspondence, of visible adjoining value, which becomes a freely wrought atrocity exploding the inference of supportive logical dust. Of that which constrains or rules by territorial prism.

When I think of territorial prism I am thinking of the integral language of maps, of standing summations of wheat, of mineral deposits, of different animal species connected with precise intention, this being the map of "spatial variation" known by its distributional thesis. Or take a Cadastral map which identifies "parcels of land for purposes of ownership and taxation." Set parameters, known kingdoms which logically coincide, not in keeping with anagogic mystical receptors. No, I am not condemning the map to parallel deficiency, or taking away its from its function the right to direct, but I'm simply speaking of the power of ambivalence and riddle, understood as movement against movement by means of contagious lyrical devastation. Devastation in this register meaning contagion by grace, by in-dominate ferment formed within the range of loosened axial glass. Indeed, by such energy formulas are

erased, boundaries are shifted by heterogeneous nutation, creating interior summits by murmur, by sound from oceanic enigma. From this, an inexplicable luxury transpires, and I mean a luxury not of grinding bone, or semi-abstracted conclusion, but of the electro-magnetic simultaneous with ignition. Not a disfiguring drama, but telepathic veridity organically connected to other levels of the human function. For instance, a tracheal oasis, a meteoritic island unsullied by old neurosis and breakage, housed under leaves of a blistering serenity. The imagination then soars to an explosive sea lion spectrum beneath a wizardry of cliffs, the sun ignited as an arcane azul, the sky off-white and viridian. A zone of luminescent rupestral bregmas, of rhythmic solar current, of sudden cometary embrasure. The result: a wild uncommon mental weather, as if whispered to moths in a negated crucifix tunnel, as a spiralling almanac of radiance, as a formation of eclipsed barbarian germination, not of the dust which ceases to spurn calculable mass as totality.

Because, beyond the zone of public twilight, there exists a mean circular helium, a broadened acidics, akin to both eclipse and frenzy. They then transpose their causes by means of scorching variation and function, so that a living body accrues within an inconclusive tolerance. And this tolerance expands or contracts according to the consciousness implanted by the Tree of Life. And the Tree of Life ranges from the depths of negated stars to the divine. So the regions above the animal level of being possess the seeds of alchemical activation, of consciousness connected to an active solar bouquet, where the rising mind no longer partakes of a raw and despicable

tonnage partitioned into 3 abstracted fields, which deals with our sense of being pawns of an essential separateness, of identifying "with a limited expression of our emotional capability", of measuring our worth by "the history of our accomplishments and failures." Accepting these limits exposes us to potentially nervous weights negating apocalyptic shift from imprisoned animal grounding. This animal grounding being no more than a tenseness filled with abstracted solace. And as to tenseness and solace they tend to condense around the anthropomorphic origin of the galaxy. This is what I call the static mind, the nostalgic mind, stunted by its axial repetition of memorials. But at another remove there is the poetic mind which takes as its sustenance a courageous nomad's food far beyond a diachronic list, or a guided optical example. It naturally draws force from runic pepper trees, concurrent with the Canaanites, with vertical stones of magic, where meditative flow is enacted.

Amongst the various forms of meditative reaction, lowest, is the world of "action", followed by the plane of "formulation", then the region where the "archetypes" live, then the "creative" plenitude of stamina where any withdrawal of power is instantly exploded. From this there exists unknowable flow where solution by outer form can never exist by simple reactive dilation. In the so called modern view it is perpetration by bromidic in the form of the exoteric.

Conversely, in remaining "traditional" societies the inner state becomes tangible, becomes a luminous cyclical voltage, not a mesmeric husk with simple moral incentive. These are

societies which even on earth reach incalculable proportion. They project a complexity which rises like fire from an elliptical yurt heating both the source of the soul and the body. Not the reason of the despotic labourer, but the craftsman evolving from the rays of an elevated passion. Within this power of value, the trilobite, the cuttlefish, the human being, the herbivorous bear, all seen as vessels vigourous with impalpable complication. An organism by its very nature deals with multitudinous vitality, with inverse multiphonics. Traditional society understands the organism as being one with a common solar origin. There is understanding of cyclical feeding, of periodic reproduction, taking place within the ambit of a perpendicular harmonic. A coalescent mating, an oracular resonance as living movement. Not metrical confrontation, or constitutional spoilage, but the natural rank of an unvarnished hamlet. These are societies where the written document is not rendered to cast onto the mind blank despondency or weight, does not by trenchant procedure obscure the invisible half of reality.

What seems dominate in Western societies is the negligible persona guided by the closed provincial aura, by decorous granulation, heated by a neutered expression of sun. Because of this the thoughts become sleepless and forced like the tonal boundary of a bankrupted harem. And what accrues are the harried terrestrial integers attempting global regulation by means of products and economies. In terms of capital exchange an American mimicry occurs in say, Japan, and Thailand, in the Philippines, these countries sufficing as prominent examples.

So I ask, where now exists the power of pure volcano crystal? Where now exist the flames rising above abstract neutrino tracings?

Such powers have been ostracized, turned into cathartically inferior realias non-subsistent with the standards set by material economies. They are deficient as regards exclusion relation to the transcribed surface. So when I react against a world of mechanistic aggression it is without hesitation, or pre-replicated blockage. This instinct then dissolves the cold Teutonic counting asylum. I am then isolate outside its cells, outside its ruthless stationary impasse. Thus I partake of alchemical isolation, isolation from baseborn marking zones, from predictions which develop from sullied monetary rotations. This the state of "calcination" where the profane takes on the colour of extinction. And emphatically I can say that I have left the disabling, with the tainted fuel of its partial template. This template being soldered collective agreement where all forms of treachery and collusion exist in the form of a terminal hygenics, with its pretension based on the voltage of misgiving. Because of such circumstance my isolation is naturally feral, is of the order of transmundane cantillation. My endeavour, the burning away of all psychic dross, the burning away of inferior obstruction. For me, there is no longer an armistice with energies that the Hindu's refer to as Tamasic, with its dismal variety and lists. Again, separation from its "destroyed remains", and purification of that separated body, and the rain of its "purified matter." Then the merging of the supramundane and its subconscious pole. Such is the modus vivendi which

makes me suffer with nettling detachment, which seems to suspend my breathing in anti-gnomic negation.

In this regard I am closer to the art of the "Paleolithic Bison" than to the painterly act as conducted by late Titian, or the empyreal creations of Raphael. Closer to the former because of its impersonal "form" as "hunting magic", allowing the bison to image as exquisite double realia, the imaginal being the genesis of its thundering tons on the plain.

I, with language, isolate from forms of exterior kinematics, am plunged into lunar interjacence, where natality is understood to be capable of transmuting into 7 expressive modes. Having spoke of the negligible persona I find it correspondent with "natal personality that dominates the early part of our incarnation." And this personality becomes the imprisoning characteristic of one's active embodiment. One then accepts one's role as fiery or quiescent as the practical form of one's living extension. One never explores the living alacrity of the alterative in one's system. The alterative being the different shapes that fire permits, of various mental depths, of divergent forms of hypnotic breathing. To conventional law I speak in linguistic cataract, my verbs with the tone of unstable altimeter. It is because I am between and between with my carking invisible gait, with my sustained suspension invisible to inwrought frailty of formula. Thus I can procure no clinical frame as holding myth, no pre-ingesting concept injected with synergy, no hoisted necromancer's pandect by which to describe the oasis across which I stutter. Because of this I am only condoned by eclectic oxygen symbols, by a mental war

which magnetically inverses its riches. So I exist with a plenitude which symbol by symbol constructs its own thesis. Therefore I spin in my electrical gemstone palace, with unleased critical somis, fusing the visible by means of its odd duality as raven. A quixotic labour, an exploded liturgical neutrality, mesmerically conjoined within a poisoned flask of medicinal whispers. As if my life were gainfully spurred by acoustic betrayal. Because of such actions I have become of that race forced by auto-suggestion into the realm of bifurcated master and apprentice. He who leads and follows, he who engulfs the ocean, and is acrobatically subsumed in self-drowning. Take the paradox of the icy acicula, where one enters its depths, and is buffeted at its core by a series of spectacular tornadoes. What this does is further isolate my properties, taking on the random splitting of the sea, as it rises like a ghost above a bloodless gulf of herons. It is life as inverted bewitchment, as torrential equality by shark. Because to speak of isolation is not to argue from a base erected upon the sound from grandiose tamashas. It is the burning and going silent of the crucial mystique in critical flux, which cryptically equates with ulterior detachment. A detachment by which it is impossible to access, the chemical properties of the Thames, or measure the flow of the Saint Lawrence Seaway with a skeletal blaze honed by limited rigour. And what I mean by rigour, an externally imposed deafness, where calculations are sired at an in-felicitous listening table where I no longer partake of an intuitive honing temper. Because I have forgone such rigour I have touched that which we have been told is beyond the scope of

experiential intensity. Beyond the scope of known emotional being. For instance, listening for signals from reindeer or boron, or for old communion from the first impalpable beings on Venus.

As with fiery alchemical seeing I nevertheless remain suspended in the midst of empirical mystery, in the decided glare of disruptive imbalance. There is not the simple principle of abstention at hand, but inward momentum towards osmotic aurum. But the movement towards balance causes an inscrutable anguish, as though being tortured by spoiled auricular neurology. It is an obliterated scorching so that at an acute registration one is increasingly baffled by illusionistic blankness. By a terror which ceases to accrue a necessitous density. It's as if one's blood had lost value, as if one's blood were being spun amidst a darkened volatility. Nevertheless, an eruptive weight, a luminous seething, a vertical origin. I mean, at the crux of solar paradox, at the instant preceding its split second fusion with eternity. Here, you see in its objective sphere the fire of my riddled charisma. Of course there exists characteristical dissension, and I renounce any palpable gain. Say, I granted an audience to my subjects in a Guatemalan throne room with its skulls kept alight by cold vigesimal zeros, I would appear and disappear according to the energies released from the cosmic smoke from the primordial lightning field. As to the Pleiades, or the moons of Saturn I become far removed from any object or verb which registers its force by distinctive weight. At present I am engulfed in vehement volition, passing back and forth between the "sensory" and

the "suprasensory" watching my limbs flicker and go dry, between human engenderment and an a-priori helium. The body existing as instantaneous homology between biological incensement, and its transmuted power as the "Visio Smaragdina." The latter, an "outburst of green light characteristic... of a specific degree of visionary apperception." Or more poetically put, a phosphorescent viridity, an ethereal galvanics, far beyond a fascination with confusion as it exists at the inferior axis, being magically aligned with chromosomal transmuting. Such a state does not exist as lucid appeal or posthumous engraving, but as osmotic metamorphics, Azarian Mathematics carrying in its stream a magic dhikr burning as a spell of clarity.

At first remove one must be fanatically entangled as a passionate and ubiquitous oarsman, then at all subsequent removes the spellbinding exigence, then the angelic root as blinding vertical prairie. And within this prairie I find no judicious procedure, no mundane indelibles which implode my forms with weakness.

What I've done with my life is haunt perpetual mazes, haunt the powers of intangible rifeness, their spells, their monomial derealizations, so that the energy exerted has created in me a fecund and arboreal estrangement. Then growth by superior cellular expansion. There is leap beyond the struggle of self-identity through history. This level of purview is non-codified by the horizontal ages. The arbitrary "terms of reference" which function at the heart of the chronicles, "expert" as they are "at superimposing absurd parallelepipeds." It is the

flux of diacritical theatre. Vicious distinction on the plane of gravity where no especial elevation is achieved, witness the European stage for the past seven centuries, where bodies have been disposed based upon differing beliefs and appearances. What, I'm telepathically approaching is ignition outside the cause of the didactic village, of invisible thirst for the ascensional. A thirst unmodified by all the graphically mapped waters contained in old calderas. Because I am of alien foundation, of another heritage based on withdrawal, the moons rise and subside in differing zones of my limbic branches, like a darkened paint of pre-inscribed suggestion, my electricity lit by mysterious psychic allegiance, like a figure roaming walls at Altimera.

So by inward flight I am speaking of magical osmosis, vertically ascending from subterranean obscurity, witness to cities and deserts and skies partaking in thaumaturgic disappearance. At this pinnacle of fire I am witness to the evapouration of Istanbul, with its "triangular peninsula jutting into the Sea of Marmara." Its "Galata Bridge", its "Hagia Sophia", passing in flames beneath me. Seeing the incarnations of Rome, the face of Galba, the discomfort of Domitian, with worms tightly drawn about his nexus. And Aurelius floating downward with his stoic weight of bleeding. Then its strange coming of eras, of 587 AD and its earlier co-counterpart under Theodosius in 393 AD, then flashes of "medieval Rome" "between the Via del Corso and the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele", then the indiscriminate Tiber, then the paintings from the Colonna collection, then the solemn orations from the Conservatorio di Musica Santa Cecilia.

With Damascus as conspicuity and anti-conspicuity, witnessing its floating aerial stone at the "base of Qāsiyūn Mountain, I see the "Baradā River, the "Al-Ghūtah oasis", " the Umayyad Mosque", "the Az-zāhirīyah" with its many tomes on the invisible. And what emerges from Damascus are the "bunch grasses", the "Gebrils", the tribes of "barking Gecko" which exist in the Namib. Then around me the "Cirrus Clouds", the "Nacreous Clouds", the "Noctilucent Clouds" all moving downward into original nigredo.

I am at that station between eclipse and transcendence, within the flames of a luminous blankness. And all the terror that connects me has merged into a fiery engenderment like a charge engendered from hypnotic eagles. The apparitions being ablaze, some of base origin, some beaming down from Terra lucida. This welter, stung by oracular kindling partake of two levels of emptiness; one of horizontal abstention, and the other, of the empyrean blazing with viridity and translucence. Me, as "unus-ambo", as individual being and the secret conflagration of my own invisible guide. Me, isolated at this burning cellular level, engulfed in runic labour, with my ignescent double, a voltaic awareness. For me, there exists no collective sonogram, no generic voice through which my voice is tempered. No, I am of my own individual fatigue, of my eclipse and my rise through estrangement. Estrangement, not of the *nafs ammāra,* of the powers of the "lower ego", but of vertical electrics bereft of secular confinement.

The secular being is one bartered back and forth across the dictates of a common neural equation. When one thinks

of Hermes, or Sohravardi, it is not in terms of commonly inspired labour. It is blazing inward seismography non-adaptable to squared canonical policy. As for the intangible protomotion that I feel it is like being wafted up a smouldering well of saffron which escapes the shaken exegesis of scholars. I can't be conveyed by means of the fractious, the caliginous, scorched by horrific weeding candles. With clairvoyant meditation I mock them, I electrocute their zeal with any attempt at conventional arraignment. Seen from the point of such exteriority, perhaps I am the carnivorous mandragora, or an untrusted species of fowl, when studied under rigourous anthroponomics. At best I'm given the cross of an old style barbarian, or maybe I am seen as foraging through a canteen of rats. You see, I do not carry about me politics, or the rules of what's considered fallible authority. Even if one attempted to wash the heat from my spine, it would not prove character, create a discovery based upon charges of mayhem. Therefore, to the doctors of the law I have drank from dysgenic deltas. To them I possess the same distention as the salivating leopard, as a hunter who willfully destroys his own stores. But their tone exists as no more than supposition, as no more than occluded opinion. As Guenon has so decidedly stated, they hate any form of secrecy, any form which obfuscates and throws into abandonment definitive adjustment. I am not the wheat of history, or the planned enigma exploited by religious diagrams as proof. Nothing at this level concerns me, not its coriaceous diachronics, nor its physical properties which replicate forgery as conspicuous example. Of course, I have studied my own breathing and found

that I am more than a basic creature subject to pedestrian conclusion. For instance, I find my aural apperception capable of perceiving revolving light in the cells. A coruscating power imminent as its pole of transparency. The human complex as dialectical aurora, having passed through the iron waters of trial, hovering above the irreality known by the race as the double scourge of death and sickness.

The reflexive mind has taken the principle of the body as flailing carbon, as veridical only upon dissolution into compost. This in no way can remain as the habitual mental field, as means by which to shape variety as living experience. Thus, by means of Azarian osmotic, I have risen to a mind where its winds have been emptied of onus, where possibility no longer contradicts its manifestation in the form of the concrete. One crosses into a degree where diseases of entropy are noted by instantaneous absence. Old subconscious moral stricture, old pre-diagnosed diamond as weight; vanished; and in its metempsychosis become the glint of a luminous Sumatran moon no longer balanced by an inwrought ferocity. The Sumatran moon being the symbol of the electro-kinetic vertical body.

The means to this body exists by reducing doubt in the subconscious voice which embraces outer existence of terrible imago. As elimination, as breakage, as brute condensation of colour. It becomes the voice of resentment and takes on the ethos of dis-invigourated power. And it is nothing more than a resistance to light, to strengthened particles in cool sand. I am stressing the metempirical, which exists outside the vis-

ible purview as exhibit. This is not the functionality of figure in various stages of demise. Here, I am in absolute contradiction to the North American approach to visibility, which counsels its citizens in the art of delimited social compound, in the art of an active social irresolution. Interior mass is thereby stunted and a clamorous nullity prevails. A void, sundered from magic solar wheat, from the Delphic power of castles, so that there is an absence of parallel seismography in the person, a seismography having the potential to rejuvenesce at a pitch equivalent to Idiom Neutral or Ro. A migratory pitch which surpasses, which flares through existence from the searing flank of exploded mongrel bread. The universal fertility of alien complication which allows phenomena and the hypnotic poisons that they carry to coalesce with a deepened vibratory grain which is the fount of the human involuntary body. And that fount is the stem of the torrent which rushes through infinity. That fount which pre-exists the motion of the worlds. Therefore, invisible genetic as spore, as living foundation, as root which transcends all habit.

As exobiology has shown there is the ray, the scattered evidence of life seen in synecdoche in the Fornax cluster, in the Leo agglomeration, in the atmospheric forms of the Magellanic clouds. Life not meaning upright beings with language. But nevertheless, life. Exobiology always rife with search for the triple process of "metabolism, photosynthesis, and respiration." The power of organic molecules formed from the four "basic chemical elements-carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen" bearing the tenor of enriched evidence as observed

in the "space between stars", where molecules exist "such as ammonia, hydrogen cyanide, formaldehyde, and water." In the natural sense, recognizable vitality. This being the visible part of the living dialectic, its electrical movement implying supersession of graspable integer, combined with phosphorous, spiralling towards rebellious perfection.

This is the DNA distilled by the perpetual fire rising from levitated scorpion waters. A distillation of intrauterine intelligence, as though I were listening to blue auroral beings erupting from beatific solar grammes. Certainly these beings have precluded a physically closed haze as it rises from architectonic fissures compelled as it is by the defective graph of the conscious mind. Such beings exist as indefatigable leap and take as their harmonizing factor the profound insistence of mirage. A mirage is that which takes the characteristic of the Latin word mirare, "to look at." Even on the scientific plane it is admitted that light is the origin of mirage, acting as a shift of fleeting atoms "through layers of air of different temperatures and densities." Beyond this I am concerned with an electric articulation which concatenates mirage again, with a Latin word mirandus, which means "strange", "wonderful", existing above assumption of burial or gravity. A more fulminate realia allows mirare and mirandus to interblend as hypnopompic concentration within the Sufistic sphere of Hūrqalyā; which is the "interworld", the "mundus archetypus", called by the "ancient Persians" "Xvarnah." It is "the eighth climate", "whose dimensions and extent can only be grasped by the imaginative perception." It is above "the seven geographical climates" its "di-

mensions" being "perceptible to the senses." This is the functional realm of astonishment, devoid of "corruptible" substratums, this being the world of "autonomous Images and Forms", which can be equated by the way an image suspends itself "in a mirror." In this "climate" one is infused with the diaphanous, the "epiphanic." A "world intermediate between the world of the Intelligence and the world of the senses ..." It is a world less "immaterial" than the former, and more "immaterial" than the latter. "It is a world in which there exists the totality of forms and figures, dimensions and bodies" combined with "movements, rest, positions, configurations, ...not being contained nor depending on a substratum." So, like Pythagoras, one can float in this transmuted speculum and return to the forces of nature reflecting the charisma of the analogical senses. One then returns not as a relic dazed from the blows of rocks, but as a mesmeric icon returning to ignited pagodas. Again, these pagodas formed on the basis of analogical fire, immaculate within the homology of the retina and its hieratic symbols.

Apperception is the range above the slope of historicity, which partakes of "geosophy", "a visionary geography" "not spread over profane, previously determined space..." This is space, not having "need to be situated", its "mountains for instance, are here no longer merely physical features;... they are psycho-cosmic aspects." Thus apperceptive existence becomes a phantom to the auspices of the five acknowledged senses. It is an acuteness of life simultaneous with the psychic nexus of arum, unattached to any brooding empiric emblem, to any

negative formation which takes its cunning impulse as stagnation.

The normal waking state imbued with bifurcations, with prone and contiguous motions, divisibility being its optimum mechanic. In this approach I see sustained impairment, carnivorous dolorosos, philosophical cul de sacs. The very action of balance destroyed. It is like the barracuda or the perch trying to fend for themselves in waters cyclonic with turpentines and sulphurs. Of course, the very core of limitation, where the human finds its will impositioning itself over the mental realm, as well as the "voluntary physical functions." By condoned exercise at this station trance or Samadhi can never be opened. The latter exists as an undistracted dream state, being sustained concentration above the "external" "part of the being." By living with such concentration there comes to the awareness poetic acknowledgment of the soul. And what naturally follows is an occulted sluice which opens allowing the flow of magical nutrients, which integrate and transmute the blood. A burning integral flow, being engendered by the osmotics of Azarian Mathematics, which spawns the vertical numerology of trance. Not an intermittent wattage, but as I stated earlier spectacular rarefaction. Matter takes part in superior flow, in a current which disables resistance like a river of flaming moths dissolving the pernicious tentacles of belief, and all the post-Calvinist hells from which they profit. Not being of Sparta or Macedonia such flow raises no hymns to any partial locality or tribe, or any assessment produced by the raw callipers of scurvy. Thus, it is not possible to quote from the haunted blaze of the

last 200 centuries concerning salvation of the prone exterior body. It is like listening to a homily from the mouth of a wolf, or the sound of trusted wheat gone sour in the broken mouths of ferrets. And as can be clearly seen, it is not of something as high as conjuncted cerulean, or seepage from interior aural flame, but of that which has systemically condemned its own presence, so its relation to the involuntary realm is nothing more than an ideological concern with the dubious resurrection of a saviour. A resurrection which gnaws at existential fertility so that nothing can be believed except the dis-Utopia of the body and its fear.

With alchemical susurration there is a fire which wells up in the clandestine power of the nerves. And these nerves are synchronal with incandescent vertigoes, with tellurian solferinos, with an all embracing pneuma. This pneuma being the total absence of treachery, of reality which extends beyond the foci of the living and the dead, allowing the cells to absorb the impersonal electrics of the vibrating neutron field, where all memorized debility is eclipsed by ontogenic coronas. Not regressive intermotion, but neoteric flight within matter. A dissolution of de-inventive ballast, the latter's intense distorting law being the common acceptance of death as we so passively perceive it.

By experiencing the synergy of the volational cell a mendacious colouration is cleansed from the mass of the body with its defeatist agreements with entropy. Speaking such, I am not concerned with despicable speculation, or erecting a naive grandiosity out of that which functions as porcelain in

the thought, but creating a perpetual serum from the perfect leprosy of the tomb, an invincible psychic serum for overcoming the human habitual magnetic towards an infallible anti-incessancy. And this serum becomes accomplished when one makes prolonged incursion into the factor of the unconditioned, having transcended the fevers of synaptic contagion. Not that which negates, not narcotic deception, but assimilation into the state where the thinking germ obliterates. Again, not an insolvancy, or a gangrenous immobility, created by the partial will of entities, be they demon or Orisha, but working inside the consciousness which is conscious of all consciousness.

But to those who interpret with the tools of the skeptic I appear as being stung by an incalculable dosage of hubris. They will ask, have I not acknowledged the gauntlets of the differing skeletal tribes? Have I not witnessed in my nerves the pensive fact of pure obscurity and danger? Have I not marked down the fact of the solar dominance of corpses?

These are questions which simply take into account the known history of the body and its daily struggle with dying. They in no way take into account Azarian Mathematics and its osmotic pontoons. It is the motion of an eerie initiation outside the human faculty as rational given. One then experiences distance from the sun and its smoking lunar wheel as if one's relation to the nebula was no longer equatable with entropy, with the sudden deserts of existence, as if genetic maps in the blood had become devoid of nitrogen in order to exist by means of a paranomastic proportion. One is then subject to

both explosion of strength and weakness. Explosion as transmuted esurience, and weakness seen by human limitation as possessing the deplorable undoing of a poltergeist. A struggle for an upper vibratory balance not bewitched by the human circumstance and its lateral connection and episodic drift into the turbulence of different animal forms. The point here is of the hypnosis of matter by anomaly, by vertiginous anomaly, not akin to the power of miracles seen as granted by some insular diety, carved by a dry monomial burin; but matter as prodigious polymath not anchored by astringent geometries provoked by the fermented slag of personae.

So when my biology wavers, when my pulse count retreats across the threshold of darkness, I am seen as one amiss in Draconian stupor, floating at the boundary of surcease. It is simply the cells in transition from darkness to fire, from caliginous severity to light. An uncanny isolation, a nervous detonation, where one retracts from categorical phenomena into what I've experienced as a meta-neurology, as a vernal shift in one's locus.

Having emerged from hellish clashes with verbatim I am absolved from the geography we've come to know as our anchor of perception, as our rational linkage with living. Take Lake Toronto in southeast Chihuahua, or the Dangerous Islands in French Polynesia, or the city of Tortosa in Spain where I could distractedly saunter through its superior porcelain foundries. Or maybe witness the soap works in the French city of Tourcoing, or breathe in the sun from the Spanish Wells near the glow of the Bahamas. I am centred by not one of the

above locales. The same could be said for wandering through the Paran Wilderness, or swimming through Guimares Strait, or passing through the Bulgar Daglari at the genesis of the Cilician Gates, seeing soldiers' weapons burn with the broken fire of old blood. None of this entrances me as fragment, as segment pernicious with ardour. I feel freed of the local force which exults at the Kufra Oasis, or the tone which one associates with the voice of Danubia.

Here I am "intermingled" with a shaft of light rising between duality and the abyss, alive, with auric flashes fleeting across my spectrum, with momentary splendour which battles against anguish. Yes, against the lower force which has scattered the human substance with the farinaceous rigours of debasement.

I, as the lone vehicular electron of salt, I, as the newly formed sun without propaganda or retreat, without disabled implosion. Therefore, to the outward eye I am the sum of piacular happenstance, of curious digestive marrow. Or more obscurely stated, a threat from old malfunctions of memory. Conversely, the charge, the interior focus has taken me beyond the history of ferocious blood counts, beyond the autosuggestion of myself as barrier. No, not a character in a dazed Newtonian glyph, bereft of upward hydrography. And because of such hydrography one is steeped in the speed of osmotic immobility. I call it spontaneous captivity and release, where one transmutes the infinity of great number, allowing the cells the faultless pulchritude of leap. Thus accrues an atmosphere of assonance, an erupted dove of grammes, weightless, invaded

by aboriginal poise maintained by measureless ignescence. It is Ausar, the self of the Egyptian self, the breath of primeval hydrogenation, like sifted moons from obscure seas, fused with the indwelling mantra by a spell-binding fire, traced upon the gold of a blinding clarion hull.

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